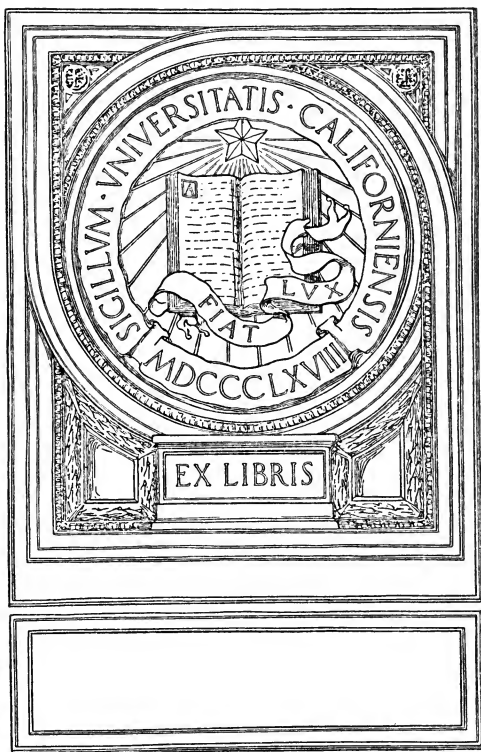
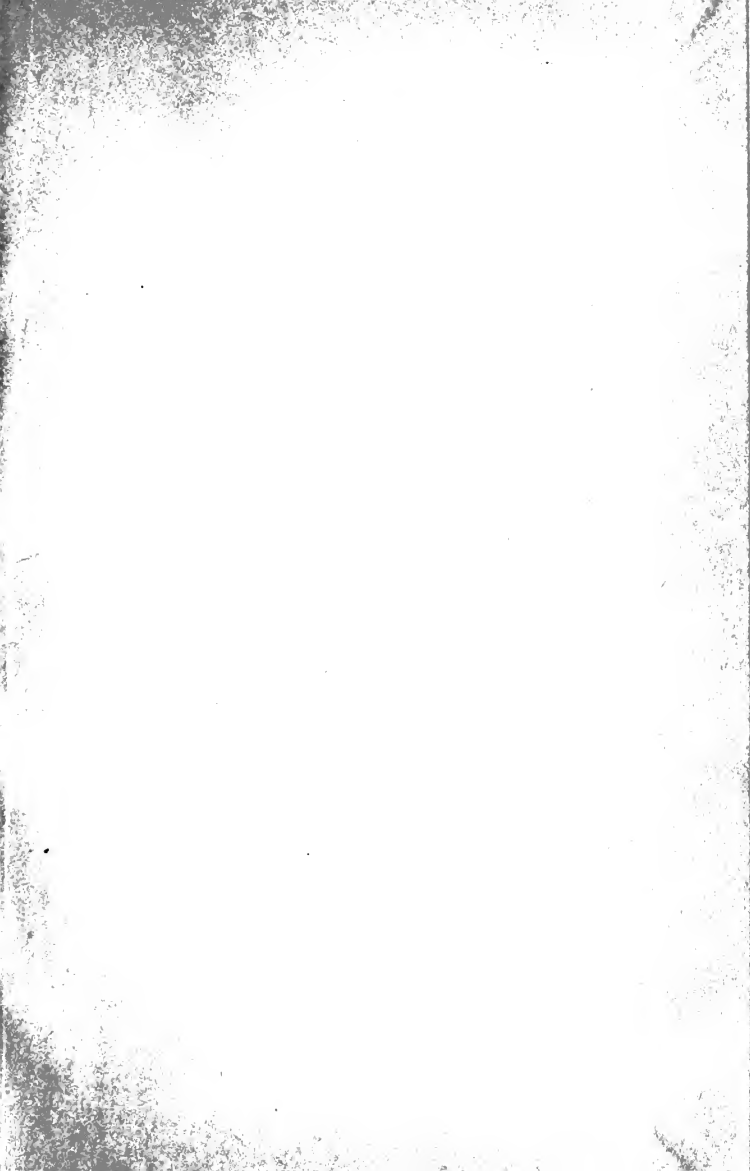


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IF

A PLAY IN FOUR ACTS

By LORD DUNSANY

LONDON

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS

24 BEDFORD STREET, W.C.2

THE NEW
AMERICAN

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TO
R. A. H. PLUNKETT

522942



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

JOHN BEAL.

MARY BEAL.

LIZA.

ALI.

BILL } *two railway porters.*
BERT }

THE MAN IN THE CORNER.

MIRALDA CLEMENT.

✓ HAFIZ EL ALCOLAHN.

✕ DAUD.

ARCHIE BEAL.

BAZZALOL } *two Nubian door-keepers.*
THOOTHOOBABA }

BEN HUSSEIN, *Lord of the Pass.*

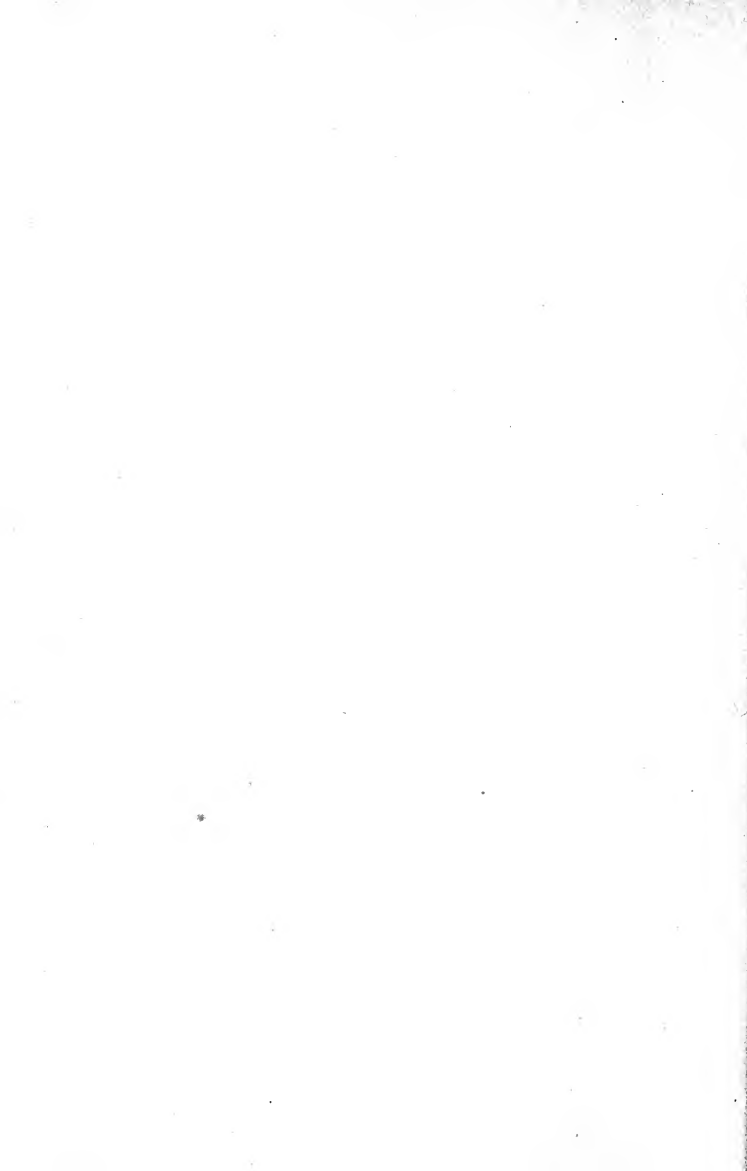
ZABNOOL } *two conjurers.*
SHABEESH }

OMAR, *a singer.*

ZAGBOOLA, *mother of Hafiz.*

THE SHEIK OF THE BISHAREENS.

Notables, soldiers, Bishareens, dancers, etc.



ACT I



SCENE I

A small railway station near London.

Time : Ten years ago.

BERT : 'Ow goes it, Bill ?

BILL : Goes it ? 'Ow d'yer think it goes ?

BERT : I don't know, Bill. 'Ow is it ?

BILL : Bloody.

BERT : Why ? What's wrong ?

BILL : Wrong ? Nothing ain't wrong.

BERT : What's up then ?

BILL : Nothing ain't right.

BERT : Why, wot's the worry ?

BILL : Wot's the worry ? They don't give you
better wages nor a dog, and then they
thinks they can talk at yer and talk at
yer, and say wot they likes, like.

BERT : Why ? You been on the carpet, Bill ?

BILL : Ain't I ! Proper.

BERT : Why, wot about, Bill ?

BILL : Wot about ? I'll tell yer. Just coz I let a lidy get into a train. That's wot about. Said I ought to 'av stopped 'er. Thought the train was moving. Thought it was dangerous. Thought I tried to murder 'er, I suppose.

BERT : Wot ? The other day ?

BILL : Yes.

BERT : Tuesday ?

BILL : Yes.

BERT : Why. The one that dropped her bag ?

BILL : Yes. Drops 'er bag. Writes to the company. They writes back she shouldn't 'av got in. She writes back she should. Then they gets on to me. Any more of it and I'll . . .

BERT : I wouldn't, Bill ; don't you.

BILL : I will.

BERT : Don't you, Bill. You've got your family to consider.

BILL : Well, anyway, I won't let any more of them passengers go jumping into trains any more, not when they're moving, I won't. When the train gets in, doors

shut. That's the rule. And they'll
'av to abide by it.

BERT : Well, I wouldn't stop one, not if . . .

BILL : I don't care. They ain't going to 'ave me
on the mat again and talk all that stuff
to me. No, if someone 'as to suffer . . .
'Ere she is. . . .

[*Noise of approaching train heard.*]

BERT : Ay, that's her.

BILL : And shut goes the door.

[*Enter JOHN BEAL.*]

BERT : Wait a moment, Bill.

BILL : Not if he's . . . Not if he was *ever* so.

JOHN (*preparing to pass*) : Good morning. . . .

BILL : Can't come through. Too late.

JOHN : Too late ? Why, the train's only just in.

BILL : Don't care. It's the rule.

JOHN : O, nonsense. (*He carries on.*)

BILL : It's too late. I tell you you can't come.

JOHN : But that's absurd. I want to catch my
train.

BILL : It's too late.

BERT : Let him go, Bill.

BILL : I'm blowed if I let him go.

JOHN : I want to catch my train.

[JOHN is stopped by BILL and pushed back by the face. JOHN advances towards BILL looking like fighting. The train has gone.

BILL : Only doing my duty.

[JOHN stops and reflects at this, deciding it isn't good enough. He shrugs his shoulders, turns round and goes away.

JOHN : I shouldn't be surprised if I didn't get even with you one of these days, you . . . and some way you won't expect.

CURTAIN.

SCENE II

Yesterday evening.

Curtain rises on JOHN and MARY in their suburban home.

JOHN : I say, dear. Don't you think we ought to plant an acacia ?

MARY : An acacia, what's that, John ?

JOHN : O, it's one of those trees that they have.

MARY : But why, John ?

JOHN : Well, you see the house is called The Acacias, and it seems rather silly not to have at least one.

MARY : O, I don't think that matters. Lots of places are called lots of things. Everyone does.

JOHN : Yes, but it might help the postman.

MARY : O, no, it wouldn't, dear. He wouldn't know an acacia if he saw it any more than I should.

JOHN : Quite right, Mary, you're always right. What a clever head you've got !

MARY : Have I, John ? We'll plant an acacia if you like. I'll ask about it at the grocer's.

JOHN : You can't get one there.

MARY : No, but he's sure to know where it can be got.

JOHN : Where do they grow, Mary ?

MARY : I don't know, John ; but I am sure they do, somewhere.

JOHN : Somehow I wish sometimes, I almost wish I could have gone abroad for a week or so to places like where acacias grow naturally.

MARY : O, would you really, John ?

JOHN : No, not really. But I just think of it sometimes.

MARY : Where would you have gone ?

JOHN : O, I don't know. The East or some such place. I've often heard people speak of it, and somehow it seemed so . . .

MARY : The East, John ? Not the East. I don't think the East somehow is quite respectable.

JOHN : O well, it's all right, I never went, and never shall go now. It doesn't matter.

MARY (*the photographs catching her eye*) : O, John, I meant to tell you. Such a dreadful thing happened.

JOHN : What, Mary ?

MARY : Well, Liza was dusting the photographs, and when she came to Jane's she says she hadn't really begun to dust it, only looked at it, and it fell down, and that bit of glass is broken right out of it.

JOHN : Ask her not to look at it so hard another time.

MARY : O, what do you mean, John ?

JOHN : Well, that's how she broke it ; she said so, and as I know you believe in Liza . . .

MARY : Well, I can't think she'd tell a lie, John.

JOHN : No, of course not. But she mustn't look so hard another time.

MARY : And it's poor little Jane's photograph. She will feel it so.

JOHN : O, that's all right, we'll get it mended.

MARY : Still, it's a dreadful thing to have happened.

JOHN : We'll get it mended, and if Jane is unhappy about it she can have Alice's frame. Alice is too young to notice it.

MARY : She isn't, John. She'd notice it quick.

JOHN : Well, George, then.

MARY (*looking at photo thoughtfully*) : Well, perhaps George might give up his frame.

JOHN : Yes, tell Liza to change it. Why not make her do it now ?

MARY : Not to-day, John. Not on a Sunday. She shall do it to-morrow by the time you get back from the office.

JOHN : All right. It might have been worse.

MARY : It's bad enough. I wish it hadn't happened.

JOHN : It might have been worse. It might have been Aunt Martha.

MARY : I'd sooner it had been her than poor little Jane.

JOHN : If it had been Aunt Martha's photograph she'd have walked in next day and seen it for certain ; I know Aunt

Martha. Then there'd have been trouble.

MARY : But, John, how could she have known ?

JOHN : I don't know, but she would have ; it's a kind of devilish sense she has.

MARY : John !

JOHN : What's the matter ?

MARY : John ! What a dreadful word you used. And on a Sunday too ! Really !

JOHN : O, I'm sorry. It slipped out somehow. I'm very sorry.

[Enter LIZA.]

LIZA : There's a gentleman to see you, sir, which isn't, properly speaking, a gentleman at all. Not what I should call one, that is, like.

MARY : Not a gentleman ! Good gracious, Liza ! Whatever do you mean ?

LIZA : He's black.

MARY : Black ?

JOHN (*reassuring*) : O . . . yes, that would be Ali. A queer old customer, Mary ; perfectly harmless. Our firm gets

hundreds of carpets through him ;
and then one day . . .

MARY : But what is he doing here, John ?

JOHN : Well, one day he turned up in London ;
broke, he said ; and wanted the firm
to give him a little cash. Well, old
Briggs was for giving him ten shillings.
But I said "here's a man that's
helped us in making thousands of
pounds. Let's give him fifty."

MARY : Fifty pounds !

JOHN : Yes, it seems a lot ; but it seemed only
fair. Ten shillings would have been
an insult to the old fellow, and he'd
have taken it as such. You don't
know what he'd have done.

MARY : Well, he doesn't want more ?

JOHN : No, I expect he's come to thank me. He
seemed pretty keen on getting some
cash. Badly broke, you see. Don't
know what he was doing in London.
Never can tell with these fellows.
East is East, and there's an end of it.

MARY : How did he trace you here ?

JOHN : O, got the address at the office. Briggs

and Cater won't let theirs be known.
Not got such a smart little house, I
expect.

MARY : I don't like letting people in that you
don't know where they come from.

JOHN : O, he comes from the East.

MARY : Yes, I—I know. But the East doesn't
seem quite to count, somehow, as the
proper sort of place to come from,
does it, dear ?

JOHN : No.

MARY : It's not like Sydenham or Bromley, some
place you can put your finger on.

JOHN : Perhaps just for once, I don't think
there's any harm in him.

MARY : Well, just for once. But we can't make a
practice of it. And you don't want to
be thinking of business on a Sunday,
your only day off.

JOHN : O, it isn't business, you know. He only
wants to say thank you.

MARY : I hope he won't say it in some queer
Eastern way. You don't know what
these people . . .

JOHN : O, no. Show him up, Liza.

LIZA : As you like, mum.

[*Exit.*]

MARY : And you gave him fifty pounds ?

JOHN : Well, old Briggs agreed to it. So I suppose that's what he got. Cater paid him.

MARY : It seems a lot of money. But I think, as the man is actually coming up the stairs, I'm glad he's got something to be grateful for.

[*Enter ALI, shown in by LIZA.*]

ALI : Protector of the Just.

JOHN : O, er—yes. Good evening.

ALI : My soul was parched and you bathed it in rivers of gold.

JOHN : O, ah, yes.

ALI : Wherefore the name Briggs, Cater, and Beal shall be magnified and called blessed.

JOHN : Ha, yes. Very good of you.

ALI (*advancing, handing trinket*) : Protector of the Just, my offering.

JOHN : Your offering ?

ALI : Hush. It is beyond price. I am not bidden to sell it. I was in my extremity, but I was not bidden to sell it. It is a token of gratitude, a gift, as it came to me.

JOHN : As it came to you ?

ALI : Yes, it was given me.

JOHN : I see. Then you had given somebody what you call rivers of gold ?

ALI : Not gold ; it was in Sahara.

JOHN : O, and what do you give in the Sahara instead of gold ?

ALI : Water.

JOHN : I see. You got it for a glass of water, like.

ALI : Even so.

JOHN : And—and what happened ?

MARY : I wouldn't take his only crystal, dear. It's a nice little thing, but (*to ALI*), but you think a lot of it, don't you ?

ALI : Even so.

JOHN : But look here, what does it do ?

ALI : Much.

JOHN : Well, what ?

ALI : He that taketh this crystal, so, in his hand, at night, and wishes, saying "At a certain hour let it be"; the hour comes and he will go back eight, ten, even twelve years if he will, into the past, and do a thing again, or act otherwise than he did. The day passes; the ten years are accomplished once again; he is here once more; but he is what he might have become had he done that one thing otherwise.

MARY : John !

JOHN : I—I don't understand.

ALI : To-night you wish. All to-morrow you live the last ten years; a new way, master, a new way, how you please. To-morrow night you are here, what those years have made you.

JOHN : By Jove !

MARY : Have nothing to do with it, John.

JOHN : All right, Mary, I'm not going to. But, do you mean one could go back ten years ?

ALI : Even so.

JOHN : Well, it seems odd, but I'll take your word for it. But look here, you can't live ten years in a day, you know.

ALI : My master has power over time.

MARY : John, don't have anything to do with him.

JOHN : All right, Mary. But who is your master ?

ALI : He is carved of one piece of jade, a god in the greenest mountains. The years are his dreams. This crystal is his treasure. Guard it safely, for his power is in this more than in all the peaks of his native hills. See what I give you, master.

JOHN : Well, really, it's very good of you.

MARY : Good night, Mr. Ali. We are very much obliged for your kind offer, which we are so sorry we can't avail ourselves of.

JOHN : One moment, Mary. Do you mean that I can go back ten years, and live till—till now again, and only be away a day ?

ALI : Start early, and you will be here before midnight.

JOHN : Would eight o'clock do !

ALI : You could be back by eleven that evening.

JOHN : I don't quite see how ten years could go in a single day.

ALI : They will go as dreams go.

JOHN : Even so, it seems rather unusual, doesn't it ?

ALI : Time is the slave of my master.

MARY : John !

JOHN : All right, Mary. (*In a lower voice.*)
I'm only trying to see what he'll say.

MARY : All right, John, only . . .

ALI : Is there no step that you would wish untrodden, nor stride that you would make where once you faltered ?

JOHN : I say, why don't you use it yourself ?

ALI : I ? I am afraid of the past. But you Engleesh, and the great firm of Briggs, Cater, and Beal ; you are afraid of nothing.

JOHN : Ha, ha. Well—I wouldn't go quite as far as that, but—well, give me the crystal.

MARY : Don't take it, John ! Don't take it.

JOHN : Why, Mary ? It won't hurt me.

MARY : If it can do all that—if it can do all that . . .

JOHN : Well ?

MARY : Why, you might never have met me.

JOHN : Never have met you ? I never thought of that.

MARY : Leave the past alone, John.

JOHN : All right, Mary. I needn't use it. But I want to hear about it, it's so odd, it's so what-you-might-call queer ; I don't think I ever—— (*To ALI.*) You mean if I work hard for ten years, which will only be all to-morrow, I may be Governor of the Bank of England to-morrow night.

ALI : Even so.

MARY : O, don't do it, John.

JOHN : But you said—I'll be back here before midnight to-morrow.

ALI : It is so.

JOHN : But the Governor of the Bank of England would live in the City, and he'd have a much bigger house anyway. He wouldn't live in Lewisham.

ALI : The crystal will bring you to this house when the hour is accomplished, even to-morrow night. If you be the great banker, you will perhaps come to chastise one of your slaves who will dwell in this house. If you be head of Briggs and Cater you will come to give an edict to one of your firm. Perchance this street will be yours and you will come to show your power unto it. *But you will come.*

JOHN : And if the house is not mine ?

MARY : John ! John ! Don't.

ALI : *Still* you will come.

JOHN : Shall I remember ?

ALI : No.

JOHN : If I want to do anything different to what I did, how shall I remember when I get back there ?

MARY : Don't. Don't do anything different, John.

JOHN : All right.

ALI : Choose just before the hour of the step you desire to change. Memory lingers a little at first, and fades away slowly.

JOHN : Five minutes ?

ALI : Even ten.

JOHN : Then I can change one thing. After that I forget.

ALI : Even so. One thing. And the rest follows.

JOHN : Well, it's very good of you to make me this nice present, I'm sure.

ALI : Sell it not. Give it, as I gave it, if the heart impels. So shall it come back one day to the hills that are brighter than grass, made richer by the gratitude of many men. And my master shall smile thereat and the vale shall be glad.

JOHN : It's very good of you, I'm sure.

MARY : I don't like it, John. I don't like tampering with what's gone.

ALI : My master's power is in your hands.
Farewell.

[*Exit.*]

JOHN : I say, he's gone.

MARY : O, he's a dreadful man.

JOHN : I never really meant to take it.

MARY : O, John, I wish you hadn't.

JOHN : Why ? I'm not going to use it.

MARY : Not going to use it, John ?

JOHN : No, no. Not if you don't want me to.

MARY : O, I'm so glad.

JOHN : And besides, I don't want things different.
I've got fond of this little house. And
Briggs is a good old sort, you know.
Cater's a bit of an ass, but there's no
harm in him. In fact, I'm contented,
Mary. I wouldn't even change Aunt
Martha now.

[*Points at frowning framed photo-
graph centrally hung.*]

You remember when she first came
and you said "where shall we hang
her ?" I said the cellar. You said
we couldn't. So she had to go there.
But I wouldn't change her now. I

suppose there are old watch-dogs like her in every family. I wouldn't change anything.

MARY : O, John, wouldn't you really ?

JOHN : No, I'm contented. Grim old soul, I wouldn't even change Aunt Martha.

MARY : I'm glad of that, John. I was frightened. I couldn't bear to tamper with the past. You don't know what it is, it's what's gone. But if it really isn't gone at all, if it can be dug up like that, why you don't know what mightn't happen ! I don't mind the future, but if the past can come back like that . . . O, don't, don't, John. Don't think of it. It isn't canny. There's the children, John.

JOHN : Yes, yes, that's all right. It's only a little ornament. I won't use it. And I tell you I'm content. (*happily*) It's no use to me.

MARY : I'm so glad you're content, John. Are you really ? Is there nothing that you'd have had different ? I sometimes thought you'd rather that Jane had been a boy.

JOHN : Not a bit of it. Well, I may have at the time, but Arthur's good enough for me.

MARY : I'm so glad. And there's nothing you ever regret at all ?

JOHN : Nothing. And you ? Is there nothing you regret, Mary ?

MARY : Me ? Oh, no. I still think that sofa would have been better green, but you would have it red.

JOHN : Yes, so I would. No, there's nothing I regret.

MARY : I don't suppose there's many men can say that.

JOHN : No, I don't suppose they can. They're not all married to you. I don't suppose many of them can.

[MARY *smiles*.

MARY : I should think that very few could say that they regretted nothing . . . very few in the whole world.

JOHN : Well, I won't say nothing.

MARY : What is it you regret, John ?

JOHN : Well, there is one thing.

MARY : And what is that ?

JOHN : One thing has rankled a bit.

MARY : Yes, John ?

JOHN : O, it's nothing, it's nothing worth mentioning. But it rankled for years.

MARY : What was it, John ?

JOHN : O, it seems silly to mention it. It was nothing.

MARY : But what ?

JOHN : O, well, if you want to know, it was once when I missed a train. I don't mind missing a train, but it was the way the porter pushed me out of the way. He pushed me by the face. I couldn't hit back, because, well, you know what lawyers make of it; I might have been ruined. So it just rankled. It was years ago before we married.

MARY : Pushed you by the face. Good gracious !

JOHN : Yes, I'd like to have caught that train in spite of him. I sometimes think of it still. Silly of me, isn't it ?

MARY : What a brute of a man.

JOHN : O, I suppose he was doing his silly duty.
But it rankled.

MARY : He'd no right to do any such thing !
He'd no right to touch you !

JOHN : O, well, never mind.

MARY : I should like to have been there. . . .I'd
have . . .

JOHN : O, well, it can't be helped now ; but I'd
like to have caught it in sp . . .

[An idea seizes him.]

MARY : What is it ?

JOHN : Can't be helped, I said. *It's the very
thing that can be helped.*

MARY : Can be helped, John ? Whatever do you
mean ?

JOHN : I mean he'd no right to stop me catching
that train. I've got the crystal, and
I'll catch it yet !

MARY : O, John, that's what you said you wouldn't
do.

JOHN : No. I said I'd do nothing to alter the
past. And I won't. I'm too content,
Mary. But this can't alter it. This
is nothing.

MARY : What were you going to catch the train for, John ?

JOHN : For London. I wasn't at the office then. It was a business appointment. There was a man who had promised to get me a job, and I was going up to . . .

MARY : John, it may alter your whole life !

JOHN : Now do listen, Mary, do listen. He never turned up. I got a letter from him apologising to me before I posted mine to him. It turned out he never meant to help me, mere meaningless affabilities. He never came to London that day at all. I should have taken the next train back. That can't affect the future.

MARY : N-no, John. Still, I don't like it.

JOHN : What difference could it make ?

MARY : N-n-no.

JOHN : Think how we met. We met at Archie's wedding. I take it one has to go to one's brother's wedding. It would take a pretty big change to alter that. And you were her bridesmaid. We were bound to meet. And having once met, well, there you are. If

we'd met by chance, in a train, or anything like that, well, then I admit some little change might alter it. But when we met at Archie's wedding and you were her bridesmaid, why, Mary, it's a cert. Besides, I believe in predestination. It was our fate; we couldn't have missed it.

MARY: No, I suppose not; still . . .

JOHN: Well, what?

MARY: I don't like it.

JOHN: O, Mary, I have so longed to catch that infernal train. Just think of it, annoyed on and off for ten years by the eight-fifteen.

MARY: I'd rather you didn't, John.

JOHN: But why?

MARY: O, John, suppose there's a railway accident? You might be killed, and we should never meet.

JOHN: There wasn't.

MARY: There wasn't, John? What do you mean?

JOHN: There wasn't an accident to the eight-fifteen. It got safely to London just ten years ago.

MARY : Why, nor there was.

JOHN : You see how groundless your fears are. I shall catch that train, and all the rest will happen the same as before. Just think, Mary, all those old days again. I wish I could take you with me. But you soon will be. But just think of the old days coming back again. Hampton Court again and Kew, and Richmond Park again with all the May. And that bun you bought, and the corked ginger-beer, and those birds singing and the 'bus past Isleworth. O, Mary, you wouldn't grudge me that ?

MARY : Well, well then all right, John.

JOHN : And you will remember there wasn't an accident, won't you ?

MARY (*resignedly, sadly*) : O, yes, John. And you won't try to get rich or do anything silly, will you ?

JOHN : No, Mary. I only want to catch that train. I'm content with the rest. The same things must happen, and they must lead me the same way, to you, Mary. Good night, now, dear.

MARY : Good night ?

JOHN : I shall stay here on the sofa holding the crystal and thinking. Then I'll have a biscuit and start at seven.

MARY : Thinking, John ? What about ?

JOHN : Getting it clear in my mind what I want to do. That one thing and the rest the same. There must be no mistakes.

MARY (*sadly*) : Good night, John.

JOHN : Have supper ready at eleven.

MARY : Very well, John.

[*Exit.*

JOHN (*on the sofa, after a moment or two*) : I'll catch that infernal train in spite of him.

[*He takes the crystal and closes it up in the palm of his left hand.*

I wish to go back ten years, two weeks and a day, at, at—8.10 a.m. to-morrow ; 8.10 a.m. to-morrow, 8.10.

Re-enter MARY in doorway.

MARY : John ! John ! You are sure he *did* get his fifty pounds ?

JOHN : Yes. Didn't he come to thank me for the money ?

MARY : You are sure it wasn't ten shillings ?

JOHN : Well, Cater paid him, I didn't.

MARY : Are you sure that Cater didn't give him
ten shillings ?

JOHN : It's the sort of silly thing Cater *would*
have done !

MARY : O, John !

JOHN : Hmm.

CURTAIN.

SCENE III

Scene : As in Act I, Scene I.

Time : Ten years ago.

BERT : 'Ow goes it, Bill ?

BILL : Goes it ? 'Ow d'yer think it goes ?

BERT : I don't know, Bill. 'Ow is it ?

BILL : Bloody.

BERT : Why, what's wrong ?

BILL : Wrong ? Nothing ain't wrong.

BERT : What's up, then ?

BILL : Nothing ain't right.

BERT : Why, wot's the worry ?

BILL : Wot's the worry ? They don't give you
better wages nor a dog, and then they
thinks they can talk at yer and talk
at yer, and say wot they likes, like.

BERT : Why ? You been on the carpet, Bill ?

BILL : Ain't I ! Proper.

BERT: Why? Wot about, Bill?

BILL: Wot about? I'll tell yer. Just coz I let a lidy get into a train. That's wot about. Said I ought to 'av stopped 'er. Thought the train was moving. Thought it was dangerous. Thought I tried to murder 'er, I suppose.

BERT: Wot? The other day?

BILL: Yes.

BERT: Tuesday?

BILL: Yes.

BERT: Why? The one that dropped her bag?

BILL: Yes. Drops 'er bag. Writes to the company. They writes back she shouldn't 'av got in. She writes back she should. Then they gets on to me. Any more of it and I'll . . .

BERT: I wouldn't, Bill; don't you.

BILL: I will.

BERT: Don't you, Bill. You've got your family to consider.

BILL: Well, anyway, I won't let any more of them passengers go jumping into trains

any more, not when they're moving, I won't. When the train gets in, doors shut. That's the rule, and they'll have to abide by it.

Enter JOHN BEAL.

BILL (*touching his hat*): Good morning, sir.

[JOHN *does not answer, but walks to the door between them.*

Carry your bag, sir ?

JOHN : Go to hell !

[*Exit through door.*

BILL : Ullo.

BERT : Somebody's been getting at 'im.

BILL : Well, I never did. Why, I knows the young feller.

BERT : Pleasant spoken, ain't 'e, as a rule ?

BILL : Never knew 'im like this.

BERT : You ain't bin sayin' nothing to 'im, 'ave yer ?

BILL : Never in my life.

BERT : Well, I never.

BILL : 'Ad some trouble o' some kind.

BERT : Must 'ave.

[Train is heard.]

BILL : Ah, 'ere she is. Well, as I was saying . . .

CURTAIN.

SCENE IV

In a second-class railway carriage.

Time : Same morning as Scene I, Act I.

Noise, and a scene drawn past the windows. The scene, showing a momentary glimpse of fair English hills, is almost entirely placards, "GIVE HER BOVRIL," "GIVE HER OXO," alternately, for ever.

Occupants, JOHN BEAL, a girl, a man.

All sit in stoical silence like the two images near Luxor. The man has the window seat, and therefore the right of control over the window.

MIRALDA CLEMENT : *Would you mind having the window open ?*

THE MAN IN THE CORNER (*shrugging his shoulders in a shivery way*) : Er—certainly (*meaning he does not mind. He opens the window*).

MIRALDA CLEMENT : Thank you so much.

MAN IN THE CORNER : Not at all. (*He does not mean to contradict her. Stoical silence again.*)

MIRALDA CLEMENT : Would you mind having it shut now ? I think it is rather cold.

MAN IN THE CORNER : Certainly.

[He shuts it. Silence again.]

MIRALDA CLEMENT : I think I'd like the window open again now for a bit. It is rather stuffy, isn't it ?

MAN IN THE CORNER : Well, I think it's very cold.

MIRALDA CLEMENT : O, do you ? But would you mind opening it for me ?

MAN IN THE CORNER : I'd much rather it was shut, if you don't mind.

[She sighs, moves her hands slightly, and her pretty face expresses the resignation of the Christian martyr in the presence of lions. This for the benefit of John.]

JOHN : Allow me, madam.

[He leans across the window's rightful owner, a bigger man than he, and opens his window.]

[MAN IN THE CORNER shrugs his shoulders and, quite sensibly, turns to his paper.]

MIRALDA : O, thank you so much.

JOHN : Don't mention it.

[*Silence again.*]

VOICES OF PORTERS (*off*) : Fan Kar, Fan Kar.

[MAN IN THE CORNER *gets out.*]

MIRALDA : Could you tell me where this is ?

JOHN : Yes. Elephant and Castle.

MIRALDA : Thank you so much. It *was* kind of you to protect me from that horrid man. He wanted to suffocate me.

JOHN : O, very glad to assist you, I'm sure. Very glad.

MIRALDA : I should have been afraid to have done it in spite of him. It was splendid of you.

JOHN : O, that was nothing.

MIRALDA : O, it was, really.

JOHN : Only too glad to help you in any little way.

MIRALDA : It *was* so kind of you.

JOHN : O, not at all.

[*Silence for a bit.*]

MIRALDA : I've nobody to help me.

JOHN : Er, er, haven't you really ?

MIRALDA : No, nobody.

JOHN : I'd be very glad to help you in any little way.

MIRALDA : I wonder if you could advise me.

JOHN : I—I'd do my best.

MIRALDA : You see, I have nobody to advise me.

JOHN : No, of course not.

MIRALDA : I live with my aunt, and she doesn't understand. I've no father or mother.

JOHN : O, er, er, really ?

MIRALDA : No. And an uncle died and he left me a hundred thousand pounds.

JOHN : Really ?

MIRALDA : Yes. He didn't like me. I think he did it out of contrariness as much as anything. He was always like that to me.

JOHN : Was he ? Was he really ?

MIRALDA : Yes. It was invested at twenty-five per cent. He never liked me. Thought I was too—I don't know what.

JOHN : No.

MIRALDA : That was five years ago, and I've never got a penny of it.

JOHN : Really. But, but that's not right.

MIRALDA (*sadly*) : No.

JOHN : Where's it invested ?

MIRALDA : In Al Shaldomir.

JOHN : Where's that ?

MIRALDA : I don't quite know. I never was good at geography. I never quite knew where Persia ends.

JOHN : And what kind of an investment was it ?

MIRALDA : There's a pass in some mountains that they can get camels over, and a huge toll is levied on everything that goes by ; that is the custom of the tribe that lives there, and I believe the toll is regularly collected.

JOHN : And who gets it ?

MIRALDA : The chief of the tribe. He is called Ben Hussein. But my uncle lent him all this money, and the toll on the camels was what they call the security

They always carry gold and turquoise,
you know.

JOHN : Do they ?

MIRALDA : Yes, they get it from the rivers.

JOHN : I see.

MIRALDA : It does seem a shame his not paying,
doesn't it ?

JOHN : A shame ? I should think it is. An
awful shame. Why, it's a crying
shame. He ought to go to prison.

MIRALDA : Yes, he ought. But you see it's so
hard to find him. It isn't as if it
was this side of Persia. It's being
on the other side that is such a pity.
If only it was in a country like,
like . . .

JOHN : I'd soon find him. I'd . . . Why, a man
like that deserves anything.

MIRALDA : It is good of you to say that.

JOHN : Why, I'd . . . And you say you never
got a penny ?

MIRALDA : No.

JOHN : Well, that is a shame. I call that a
downright shame.

MIRALDA : Now, what ought I to do ?

JOHN : Do ? Well, now, you know in business there's nothing like being on the spot. When you're on the spot you can—but then, of course, it's so far.

MIRALDA : It is, isn't it ?

JOHN : Still, I think you should go if you could. If only I could offer to help you in any way, I would gladly, but of course . . .

MIRALDA : What would you do ?

JOHN : I'd go and find that Hussein fellow ; and then . . .

MIRALDA : Yes ?

JOHN : Why, I'd tell him a bit about the law, and make him see that you didn't keep all that money that belonged to someone else.

MIRALDA : Would you really ?

JOHN : Nothing would please me better.

MIRALDA : Would you really ? Would you go all that way ?

JOHN : It's just the sort of thing that I should like, apart from the crying shame. The man ought to be . . .

MIRALDA : We're getting into Holborn. Would you come and lunch somewhere with me and talk it over ?

JOHN : Gladly. I'd be glad to help. I've got to see a man on business first. I've come up to see him. And then after that, after that, there was something I wanted to do after that. I can't think what it was. But something I wanted to do after that. O, heavens, what was it ?

[*Pause.*]

MIRALDA : Can't you think ?

JOHN : No. O, well, it can't have been so very important. And yet . . . Well, where shall we lunch ?

MIRALDA : Gratzenheim's.

JOHN : Right. What time ?

MIRALDA : One-thirty. Would that suit ?

JOHN : Perfectly. I'd like to get a man like Hussein in prison. I'd like . . . O, I beg your pardon.

[*He hurries to open the door. Exit*
MIRALDA.

Now what was it I wanted to do afterwards ?

[Throws hand to forehead.

O, never mind.

CURTAIN.

ACT II

SCENE

JOHN'S tent in *Al Shaldomir*. There are two heaps of idols, left and right, lying upon the ground inside the tent. DAOUD carries another idol in his arms. JOHN looks at its face.

Six months have elapsed since the scene in the second-class railway carriage.

JOHN BEAL : This god is holy.

[He points to the left heap. DAOUD carries it there and lays it on the heap.]

DAOUD : Yes, great master.

JOHN BEAL : You are in no wise to call me great master. Have not I said so ? I am not your master. I am helping you people. I know better than you what you ought to do, because I am English. But that's all. I'm not your master. See ?

DAOUD : Yes, great master.

JOHN BEAL : O, go and get some more idols. Hurry.

DAOUD : Great master, I go.

[*Exit.*

JOHN BEAL : I can't make these people out.

DAOUD (*returning*) : I have three gods.

JOHN BEAL (*looking at their faces, pointing to the two smaller idols first*) : These two are holy. This one is unholy.

DAOUD : Yes, great master.

JOHN BEAL : Put them on the heap.

[DAOUD *does so, two left, one right.*

Get some more.

[DAOUD *salaams. Exit.*

(*Looking at right heap.*) What a—
what a filthy people.

Enter DAOUD with two idols.

JOHN BEAL (*after scrutiny*) : This god is holy,
this is unholy.

*Enter ARCHIE BEAL, wearing a
"Bowler" hat.*

Why, Archie, this is splendid of you !
You've come ! Why, that's splendid !
All that way !

ARCHIE BEAL : Yes, I've come. Whatever are you doing ?

JOHN BEAL : Archie, it's grand of you to come !
I never ought to have asked it of you,
only . . .

ARCHIE BEAL : O, that's all right. But what in the world are you doing ?

JOHN BEAL : Archie, it's splendid of you.

ARCHIE BEAL : O, cut it. That's all right. But what's all this ?

JOHN BEAL : O, this. Well, well they're the very oddest people here. It's a long story. But I wanted to tell you first how enormously grateful I am to you for coming.

ARCHIE BEAL : O, that's all right. But I want to know what you're doing with all these genuine antiques.

JOHN BEAL : Well, Archie, the fact of it is they're a real odd lot of people here. I've learnt their language, more or less, but I don't think I quite understand them yet. A lot of them are Mahommedans ; they worship Mahommed, you know. He's

dead. But a lot of them worship these things, and . . .

ARCHIE BEAL : Well, what have you got 'em all in here for ?

JOHN BEAL : Yes, that's just it. I hate interfering with them, but, well, I simply had to. You see there's two sorts of idols here ; they offer fruit and rats to some of them ; they lay them on their hands or their laps.

ARCHIE BEAL : Why do they offer them rats ?

JOHN BEAL : O, I don't know. They don't know either. It's the right thing to do out here, it's been the right thing for hundreds of years ; nobody exactly knows why. It's like the bows we have on evening shoes, or anything else. But it's all right.

ARCHIE BEAL : Well, what are you putting them in heaps for ?

JOHN BEAL : Because there's the other kind, the ones with wide mouths and rust round them.

ARCHIE BEAL : Rust ? Yes, so there is. What do they do ?

JOHN BEAL : They offer blood to them, Archie. They pour it down their throats. Sometimes they kill people, sometimes they only bleed them. It depends how much blood the idol wants.

ARCHIE BEAL : How much blood it wants ? Good Lord ! How do they know ?

JOHN BEAL : The priests tell them. Sometimes they fill them up to their necks—they're all hollow, you know. In spring it's awful.

ARCHIE BEAL : Why are they worse in spring ?

JOHN BEAL : I don't know. The priests ask for more blood then. Much more. They say it always was so.

ARCHIE BEAL : And you're stopping it ?

JOHN BEAL : Yes, I'm stopping these. One must. I'm letting them worship those. Of course, it's idolatry and all that kind of thing, but I don't like interfering short of actual murder.

ARCHIE BEAL : And they're obeying you ?

JOHN BEAL : 'M, y-yes. I think so.

ARCHIE BEAL : You must have got a great hold over them.

JOHN BEAL : Well, I don't know about that.
It's the pass that counts.

ARCHIE BEAL : The pass ?

JOHN BEAL : Yes, that place you came over. It's
the only way anyone can get here.

ARCHIE BEAL : Yes, I suppose it is. But how
does the pass affect these idols ?

JOHN BEAL : It affects everything here. If that
pass were closed no living man would
ever enter or leave, or even hear of,
this country. It's absolutely cut off
except for that one pass. Why,
Archie, it isn't even on the map.

ARCHIE BEAL : Yes, I know.

JOHN BEAL : Well, whoever owns that pass is
everybody. No one else counts.

ARCHIE BEAL : And who does own it ?

JOHN BEAL : Well, it's actually owned by a fellow
called Hussein, but Miss Clement's
uncle, a man called Hinnard, a kind
of lonely explorer, seems to have come
this way ; and I think he understood
what this pass is worth. Anyhow, he
lent Hussein a big sum of money and
got an acknowledgment from Hussein.

Old Hinnard must have been a wonderfully shrewd man. For that acknowledgment is no more legal than an I.O.U., and Hussein is simply a brigand.

ARCHIE BEAL : Not very good security.

JOHN BEAL : Well, you're wrong there. Hussein himself respects that piece of parchment he signed. There's the name of some god or other written on it that Hussein is frightened of. Now you see how things are. That pass is as holy as all the gods that there are in Al Shaldomir. Hussein possesses it. But he owes an enormous sum to Miss Miralda Clement, and I am here as her agent ; and you've come to help me like a great sportsman.

ARCHIE BEAL : O, never mind that. Well, it all seems pretty simple.

JOHN BEAL : Well, I don't know, Archie. Hussein admits the debt, but . . .

ARCHIE BEAL : But what ?

JOHN BEAL : I don't know what he'll do.

ARCHIE BEAL : Wants watching, does he ?

JOHN BEAL : Yes. And meanwhile I feel sort of responsible for all these silly people. Somebody's got to look after them. Daoud !

DAOUD (*off*) : Great master.

JOHN BEAL : Bring in some more gods.

DAOUD : Yes, great master.

JOHN BEAL : I can't get them to stop calling me absurd titles. They're so infernally Oriental.

Enter DAOUD.

ARCHIE BEAL : He's got two big ones this time.

JOHN BEAL (*to* ARCHIE) : You see, there is rust about their mouths. (*To* DAOUD) : They are both unholy.

[He points to R. heap, and DAOUD puts them there. To DAOUD.]
Bring in some more.

DAOUD : Great master, there are no more gods in Al Shaldomir.

JOHN BEAL : It is well.

DAOUD : What orders, great master.

JOHN BEAL : Listen. At night you shall come and take these gods away. These

shall be worshipped again in their own place, these you shall cast into the great river and tell no man where you cast them.

DAOUD : Yes, great master.

JOHN BEAL : You will do this, Daoud ?

DAOUD : Even so, great master.

JOHN BEAL : I am sorry to make you do it. You are sad that you have to do it. Yet it must be done.

DAOUD : Yes, I am sad, great master.

JOHN BEAL : But why are you sad, Daoud ?

DAOUD : Great master, in times you do not know these gods were holy. In times you have not guessed. In old centuries, master, perhaps before the pass. Men have prayed to them, sorrowed before them, given offerings to them. The light of old hearths has shone on them, flames from old battles. The shadow of the mountains has fallen on them, so many times, master, so many times. Dawn and sunset have shone on them, master, like firelight flickering ; dawn and sunset, dawn and sunset, flicker, flicker, flicker for

century after century. They have sat there watching the dawns like old men by the fire. They are so old, master, so old. And some day dawn and sunset will die away and shine on the world no more, and they would have still sat on in the cold. And now they go. . . . They are our history, master, they are our old times. Though they be bad times they are *our* times, master; and now they go. I am sad, master, when the old gods go.

JOHN BEAL: But they are bad gods, Daoud.

DAOUD: I am sad when the bad gods go.

JOHN BEAL: They must go, Daoud. See, there is no one watching. Take them now.

DAOUD: Even so, great master.

[He takes up the largest of the gods with rust.]

Come, Aho-oomlah, thou shalt not drink Nideesh.

JOHN BEAL: Was Nideesh to have been sacrificed?

DAOUD: He was to have been drunk by Aho-oomlah.

JOHN BEAL : Nideesh. Who is he ?

DAOUD : He is my son.

[Exit with Aho-oomlah.

[JOHN BEAL almost gasps.

ARCHIE BEAL (*who has been looking round the tent*) :
What has he been saying ?

JOHN BEAL : They're—they're a strange people.
I can't make them out.

ARCHIE BEAL : Is that the heap that oughtn't to
be worshipped ?

JOHN BEAL : Yes.

ARCHIE BEAL : Well, do you know, I'm going to
chuck this hat there. It doesn't seem
to me somehow to be any more right
here than those idols would be at
home. Odd isn't it ? Here goes.

[He throws hat on right heap of idols.

JOHN BEAL does not smile.

Why, what's the matter ?

JOHN BEAL : I don't like to see a decent Christian
hat among these filthy idols. They've
all got rust on their mouths. I don't
like to see it, Archie ; it's sort of like
what they call an omen. I don't like it.

ARCHIE BEAL : Do they keep malaria here ?

JOHN BEAL : I don't think so. Why ?

ARCHIE BEAL : Then what's the matter, Johnny ?
Your nerves are bad.

JOHN BEAL : You don't know these people, and
I've brought you out here. I feel
kind of responsible. If Hussein's lot
turn nasty you don't know what he'd
do, with all those idols and all.

ARCHIE BEAL : He'll give 'em a drink, you mean.

JOHN BEAL : Don't, Archie. There's no saying.
And I feel responsible for you.

ARCHIE BEAL : Well, they can have my hat. It
looks silly, somehow. I don't know
why. What are we going to do ?

JOHN BEAL : Well, now that you've come we can
go ahead.

ARCHIE BEAL : Righto. What at ?

JOHN BEAL : We've got to see Hussein's accounts,
and get everything clear in black and
white, and see just what he owes to
Miss Miralda Clement.

ARCHIE BEAL : But they don't keep accounts here.

JOHN BEAL : How do you know ?

ARCHIE BEAL : Why, of course they don't. One can see that.

JOHN BEAL : But they must.

ARCHIE BEAL : Well, you haven't changed a bit for your six months here.

JOHN BEAL : Haven't changed ?

ARCHIE BEAL : No. Just quietly thinking of business. You'll be a great business man, Johnny.

JOHN BEAL : But we must do business ; that's what I came here for.

ARCHIE BEAL : You'll never make these people do it.

JOHN BEAL : Well, what do you suggest ?

ARCHIE BEAL : Let's have a look at old Hussein.

JOHN BEAL : Yes, that's what I have been waiting for. Daoud !

DAOUD (*off*) : Master. (*Enters.*)

JOHN BEAL : Go to the palace of the Lord of the Pass and beat on the outer door. Say that I desire to see him. Pray him to come to my tent.

[DAOUD *bows and Exit.*

(*To ARCHIE.*) I've sent him to the palace to ask Hussein to come.

ARCHIE BEAL : Lives in a palace, does he ?

JOHN BEAL : Yes, it's a palace, it's a wonderful place. It's bigger than the Mansion House, much.

ARCHIE BEAL : And you're going to teach him to keep accounts.

JOHN BEAL : Well, I must. I hate doing it. It seems almost like being rude to the Lord Mayor. But there's two things I can't stand—cheating in business is one and murder's another. I've got to interfere. You see, if one happens to know the right from wrong as we do, we've simply got to tell people who don't. But it isn't pleasant. I almost wish I'd never come.

ARCHIE BEAL : Why, it's the greatest sport in the world. It's splendid.

JOHN BEAL : I don't see it that way. To me those idols are just horrid murder. And this man owes money to this girl with no one to look after her, and he's got to pay. But I hate being rude to a man in a place like the

Mansion House, even if he is black.
Why, good Lord, who am I? It
seems such cheek.

ARCHIE BEAL : I say, Johnny, tell me about the
lady. Is she pretty?

JOHN BEAL : What, Miss Miralda? Yes.

ARCHIE BEAL : But what I mean is—what's she
like?

JOHN BEAL : Oh, I don't know. It's very hard to
say. She's, she's tall and she's fair
and she's got blue eyes.

ARCHIE BEAL : Yes, but I mean what kind of a
person is she? How does she strike
you?

JOHN BEAL : Well, she's pretty hard up until she
gets this money, and she hasn't got
any job that's any good, and no real
prospects bar this, and nobody par-
ticular by birth, and doesn't know
anybody who is, and lives in the
least fashionable suburb and can only
just afford a second-class fare and . . .

ARCHIE BEAL : Yes, yes, go on.

JOHN BEAL : And yet somehow she sort of seems
like a—like a queen.

ARCHIE BEAL : Lord above us ! And what kind of a queen ?

JOHN BEAL : O, I don't know. Well, look here, Archie, it's only my impression. I don't know her well yet. It's only my impression. I only tell you in absolute confidence. You won't pass it on to anybody, of course.

ARCHIE BEAL : O, no. Go on.

JOHN BEAL : Well, I don't know, only she seemed more like—well, a kind of autocrat, you know, who'd stop at nothing. Well, no, I don't mean that, only . . .

ARCHIE BEAL : So you're not going to marry her ?

JOHN BEAL : Marry her ! Good Lord, no. Why, you'd never dare ask her. She's not that sort. I tell you she's a sort of queen. And (Good Lord !) she'd *be* a queen if it wasn't for Hussein, or something very like one. We can't go marrying queens. Anyhow, not one like her.

ARCHIE BEAL : Why not one like her ?

JOHN BEAL : I tell you—she's a—well, a kind of goddess. You couldn't ask her if she loved you. It would be such, such . . .

ARCHIE BEAL : Such what ?

JOHN BEAL : Such infernal cheek.

ARCHIE BEAL : I see. Well, I see you aren't in love with her. But it seems to me you'll be seeing a good deal of her some day if we pull this off. And then, my boy-o, you'll be going and getting in love with her.

JOHN BEAL : I tell you I daren't. I'd as soon propose to the Queen of Sheba.

ARCHIE BEAL : Well, Johnny, I'm going to protect you from her all I can.

JOHN BEAL : Protect me from her ? Why ?

ARCHIE BEAL : Why, because there's lots of other girls, and it seems to me you might be happier with some of them.

JOHN BEAL : But you haven't even seen her.

ARCHIE BEAL : Nor I have. Still, if I'm here to protect you I somehow think I will. And if I'm not . . .

JOHN BEAL : Well, and what then ?

ARCHIE BEAL : What nonsense I'm talking. Fate does everything. I can't protect you.

JOHN BEAL : Yes, it's nonsense all right, Archie,
but . . .

HUSSEIN (*off*) : I am here.

JOHN BEAL : Be seen.

[HUSSEIN *enters*. *He is not unlike Bluebeard.*

JOHN BEAL (*pointing to ARCHIE*) : My brother.

[ARCHIE *shakes hands with* HUSSEIN.
HUSSEIN *looks at his hand when it is over in a puzzled way.* JOHN BEAL and HUSSEIN *then bow to each other.*

HUSSEIN : You desired my presence.

JOHN BEAL : I am honoured.

HUSSEIN : And I.

JOHN BEAL : The white traveller, whom we call Hinnard, lent you one thousand greater gold pieces, which in our money is one hundred thousand pounds, as you acknowledge. (HUSSEIN *nods his head.*) And every year you were to pay him for this two hundred and fifty of your greater gold pieces—as you acknowledge also.

HUSSEIN : Even so.

JOHN BEAL : And this you have not yet had chance to pay, but owe it still.

HUSSEIN : I do.

JOHN BEAL : And now Hinnard is dead.

HUSSEIN : Peace be with him.

JOHN BEAL : His heiress is Miss Miralda Clement, who instructs me to be her agent. What have you to say ?

HUSSEIN : Peace be with Hinnard.

JOHN BEAL : You acknowledge your debt to this lady, Miss Miralda Clement ?

HUSSEIN : I know her not.

JOHN BEAL : You will not pay your debt ?

HUSSEIN : I will pay.

JOHN BEAL : If you bring the gold to my tent, my brother will take it to Miss Clement.

HUSSEIN : I do not pay to Miss Clement.

JOHN BEAL : To whom do you pay ?

HUSSEIN : I pay to Hinnard.

JOHN BEAL : Hinnard is dead.

HUSSEIN : I pay to Hinnard.

JOHN BEAL : How will you pay to Hinnard ?

HUSSEIN : If he be buried in the sea . . .

JOHN BEAL : He is not buried at sea.

HUSSEIN : If he be buried by any river I go to the
god of rivers.

JOHN BEAL : He is buried on land near no river.

HUSSEIN : Therefore I will go to a bronze god of
earth, very holy, having the soil in
his care, and the things of earth. I
will take unto him the greater pieces
of gold due up to the year when the
white traveller died, and will melt
them in fire at his feet by night on the
mountains, saying, "O, Lruru-onn
(this is his name) take this by the
way of earth to the grave of Hinnard."
And so I shall be free of my debt
before all gods.

JOHN BEAL : But not before me. I am English.
And we are greater than gods.

ARCHIE BEAL : What's that, Johnny ?

JOHN BEAL : He won't pay, but I told him we're
English and that they're greater than
all his bronze gods.

ARCHIE BEAL : That's right, Johnny.

[HUSSEIN *looks fiercely at* ARCHIE.
He sees ARCHIE's *hat lying before a*
big idol. He points at the hat and
looks in the face of the idol.

HUSSEIN (*to the idol*): Drink! Drink!

[*He bows. Exit.*

ARCHIE BEAL: What's that he's saying?

JOHN BEAL (*meditatively*): O, nothing—nothing.

ARCHIE BEAL: He won't pay, eh?

JOHN BEAL: No, not to Miss Miralda.

ARCHIE BEAL: Who to?

JOHN BEAL: To one of his gods.

ARCHIE BEAL: That won't do.

JOHN BEAL: No.

ARCHIE BEAL: What'll we do?

JOHN BEAL: I don't quite know. It isn't as if
we were in England.

ARCHIE BEAL: No, it isn't.

JOHN BEAL: If we were in England . . .

ARCHIE BEAL: I know; if we were in England
you could call a policeman. I tell
you what it is, Johnny.

JOHN BEAL : Yes ?

ARCHIE BEAL : I tell you what ; you want to see more of Miss Clement.

JOHN BEAL : Why ?

ARCHIE BEAL : Why, because at the present moment our friend Hussein is a craftier fellow than you, and looks like getting the best of it.

JOHN BEAL : How will seeing more of Miss Miralda help us ?

ARCHIE BEAL : Why, because you want to be a bit craftier than Hussein, and I fancy she might make you.

JOHN BEAL : She ? How ?

ARCHIE BEAL : We're mostly made what we are by some woman or other. We think it's our own cleverness, but we're wrong. As things are you're no match for Hussein, but if you altered . . .

JOHN BEAL : Why, Archie ; where did you get all those ideas from ?

ARCHIE BEAL : O, I don't know.

JOHN BEAL : You never used to talk like that.

ARCHIE BEAL : O, well.

JOHN BEAL : You haven't been getting in love, Archie, have you ?

ARCHIE BEAL : What are we to do about Hussein ?

JOHN BEAL : It's funny your mentioning Miss Miralda. I got a letter from her the same day I got yours.

ARCHIE BEAL : What does she say ?

JOHN BEAL : I couldn't make it out.

ARCHIE BEAL : What were her words ?

JOHN BEAL : She said she was going into it closer. She underlined closer. What could she mean by that ? How could she get closer ?

ARCHIE BEAL : Well, the same way as I did.

JOHN BEAL : How do you mean ? I don't understand.

ARCHIE BEAL : By coming here.

JOHN BEAL : By coming here ? But she can't come here.

ARCHIE BEAL : Why not ?

JOHN BEAL : Because it's impossible. Absolutely impossible. Why—good Lord—she

couldn't come here. Why, she'd want a chaperon and a house and—and—everything. Good Lord, she couldn't come here. It would be—well, it would be impossible—it couldn't be done.

ARCHIE BEAL : O, all right. Then I don't know what she meant.

JOHN BEAL : Archie ! You don't really think she'd come here ? You don't really think it, do you ?

ARCHIE BEAL : Well, it's the sort of thing that that sort of girl might do, but of course I can't say . . .

JOHN BEAL : Good Lord, Archie ! That would be awful.

ARCHIE BEAL : But why ?

JOHN BEAL : Why ? But what would I do ? Where would she go ? Where would her chaperon go ? The chaperon would be some elderly lady. Why, it would kill her.

ARCHIE BEAL : Well, if it did you've never met her, so you needn't go into mourning for an elderly lady that you don't know ; not *yet*, anyway.

JOHN BEAL : No, of course not. You're laughing at me, Archie. But for the moment I took you seriously. Of course, she won't come. One can go into a thing closely without doing it absolutely literally. But, good Lord, wouldn't it be an awful situation if she did.

ARCHIE BEAL : O, I don't know.

JOHN BEAL : All alone with me here ? No, impossible. And the country isn't civilised.

ARCHIE BEAL : Women aren't civilised.

JOHN BEAL : Women aren't . . . ? Good Lord, Archie, what an awful remark. What *do* you mean ?

ARCHIE BEAL : We're tame, they're wild. We like all the dull things and the quiet things, they like all the romantic things and the dangerous things.

JOHN BEAL : Why, Archie, it's just the other way about.

ARCHIE BEAL : O, yes ; we *do* all the romantic things, and all the dangerous things. But why ?

JOHN BEAL : Why ? Because we like them, I

suppose. I can't think of any other reason.

ARCHIE BEAL : I hate danger. Don't you ?

JOHN BEAL : Er—well, yes, I suppose I do, really.

ARCHIE BEAL : Of course you do. We all do. It's the women that put us up to it. She's putting you up to this. And the more she puts you up to the more likely is Hussein to get it in his fat neck.

JOHN BEAL : But—but you don't mean you'd hurt Hussein ? Not—not badly, I mean.

ARCHIE BEAL : We're under her orders, Johnny. See what she says.

JOHN BEAL : You, you don't really think she'll come here ?

ARCHIE BEAL : Of course I do, and the best thing too. It's her show ; she ought to come.

JOHN BEAL : But, but you don't understand. She's just a young girl. A girl like Miss Miralda couldn't come out here over the pass and down these mountains, she'd never stand it, and as for

the chaperon . . . You've never met Miss Miralda.

ARCHIE BEAL: No, Johnny. But the girl that was able to get you to go from Bromley to this place can look after herself.

JOHN BEAL: I don't see what that's got to do with it. She was in trouble and I had to help her.

ARCHIE BEAL: Yes, and she'll be in trouble all the way here from Blackheath, and everyone will have to help her.

JOHN BEAL: What beats me is how you can have the very faintest inkling of what she's like without ever having seen her and without my having spoken of her to you for more than a minute.

ARCHIE BEAL: Well, Johnny, you're not a romantic bird, you're not a traveller by nature, barring your one trip to Eastbourne, and it was I that took you there. And contrariwise, as they say in a book you've never read, you're a level-headed business man and a hardworking respectable stay-at-home. You meet a girl in a train, and the next time I see you you're in a place that isn't marked on the map and

telling it what gods it ought to worship and what gods it ought to have agnosticism about. Well, I say *some girl*.

JOHN BEAL : Well, I must say you make the most extraordinary deductions, but it was awfully good of you to come, and I ought to be grateful ; and I am, too, I'm awfully grateful ; and I ought to let you talk all the rot you like. Go ahead. You shall say what you like and do what you like. It isn't many brothers that would do what you've done.

ARCHIE BEAL : O, that's nothing. I like this country. I'm glad I came. And if I can help you with Hussein, why all the better.

JOHN BEAL : It's an awful country, Archie, but we've got to see this through.

ARCHIE BEAL : Does she know all about Hussein ?

JOHN BEAL : Yes, everything. I've written fully.

OMAR (*off*) :

Al Shaldomir, Al Shaldomir,
The nightingales that guard thy ways . . .

JOHN BEAL (*shouting*) : O, go away, go away.

(*To ARCHIE.*) I said it was an awful country. They sit down outside one's tent and do that kind of thing for no earthly reason.

ARCHIE BEAL : O, I'd let them sing.

JOHN BEAL : O, you can't have people doing that kind of thing.

OMAR (*in doorway*) : Master, I go.

JOHN BEAL : But why do you come ?

OMAR : I came to sing a joyous song to you, master.

JOHN BEAL : Why did you want to sing me a joyous song ?

OMAR : Because a lady is riding out of the West.

[*Exit.*

JOHN BEAL : A lady out of . . . Good Lord !

ARCHIE BEAL : She's coming, Johnny.

JOHN BEAL : Coming ? Good Lord, no, Archie. He said a lady ; there'd be the chaperon too. There'd be two of them if it was Miss Miralda. But he said a lady. One lady. It can't be her. A girl like that alone in Al Shaldomir. Clean off the map. Oh, no, it isn't possible.

ARCHIE BEAL : I wouldn't worry.

JOHN BEAL : Wouldn't worry ? But, good Lord, the situation's impossible. People would talk. Don't you see what people would say ? And where could they go ? Who would look after them ? Do try and understand how awful it is. But it isn't. It's impossible. It can't be them. For heaven's sake run out and see if it is ; and (good Lord !) I haven't brushed my hair all day, and, and—oh, look at me.

[He rushes to camp mirror.

[Exit ARCHIE.

[JOHN BEAL tidies up desperately.

Enter ARCHIE.

ARCHIE BEAL : It's what you call *them*.

JOHN BEAL : What I call *them* ? Whatever do you mean ?

ARCHIE BEAL : Well, it's her. She's just like what you said.

JOHN BEAL : But it can't be. She doesn't ride. She can never have been able to afford a horse.

ARCHIE BEAL : She's on a camel. She'll be here in a moment. (*He goes to door.*)
Hurry up with that hair; she's dismounted.

JOHN BEAL : O, Lord! What's the chaperon like?

ARCHIE BEAL : O, she's attending to that herself.

JOHN BEAL : Attending to it herself? What do you mean?

ARCHIE BEAL : I expect she'll attend to most things.

[*Enter HAFIZ EL ALCOLAHN in doorway of tent, pulling back flap a little.*]

JOHN BEAL : Who are you?

HAFIZ : I show the gracious lady to your tent.

[*Enter MIRALDA CLEMENT, throwing a smile to HAFIZ.*]

MIRALDA : Hullo, Mr. Beal.

JOHN BEAL : Er—er—how do you do?

[*She looks at ARCHIE.*]

O, this is my brother—Miss Clement.

MIRALDA
ARCHIE BEAL } How do you do?

MIRALDA : I like this country.

JOHN BEAL : I'm afraid I hardly expected you.

MIRALDA : Didn't you ?

JOHN BEAL : No. You see—er—it's such a long way. And wasn't it very expensive ?

MIRALDA : Well, the captain of the ship was very kind to me.

JOHN BEAL : O ! But what did you do when you landed ?

MIRALDA : O, there were some Arabs coming this way in a caravan. They were really very good to me too.

JOHN BEAL : But the camel ?

MIRALDA : O, there were some people the other side of the mountains. Everybody has been very kind about it. And then there was the man who showed me here. He's called Hafiz el Alcolahn. It's a nice name, don't you think ?

JOHN BEAL : But, you know, this country, Miss Clement, I'm half afraid it's hardly— isn't it, Archie ? Er—how long did you think of staying ?

MIRALDA : O, a week or so.

JOHN BEAL : I don't know what you'll think of

Al Shaldomir. I'm afraid you'll find it . . .

MIRALDA : Oh, I like it. Just that hollow in the mountains, and the one pass, and no record of it anywhere. I like that. I think it's lovely.

JOHN BEAL : You see, I'm afraid—what I mean is I'm afraid the place isn't even on the map!

MIRALDA : O, that's lovely of it.

JOHN BEAL : All decent places are.

MIRALDA : You mean if a place is on the map we've got to behave accordingly. But if not, why . . .

JOHN BEAL : Hussein won't pay.

MIRALDA : Let's see Hussein.

JOHN BEAL : I'm afraid he's rather, he's rather a savage-looking brigand.

MIRALDA : Never mind.

[ARCHIE is quietly listening and smiling sometimes.

[Enter DAUD. He goes up to the unholy heap and takes away two large idols, one under each arm. Exit.

What's that, Mr. Beal ?

JOHN BEAL : O, that. I'm afraid it's rather horrible. I told you it was an awful country. They pray to these idols here, and some are all right, though of course it's terribly blasphemous, but *that* heap, well, I'm afraid, well *that* heap is very bad indeed.

MIRALDA : What do they do ?

JOHN BEAL : They kill people.

MIRALDA : Do they ? How ?

JOHN BEAL : I'm afraid they pour their blood down those horrible throats.

MIRALDA : Do they ? How do you know ?

JOHN BEAL : I've seen them do it, and those mouths are all rusty. But it's all right now. It won't happen any more.

MIRALDA : Won't it ? Why not ?

JOHN BEAL : Well, I . . .

ARCHIE BEAL : He's stopped them, Miss Clement. They're all going to be thrown into the river.

MIRALDA : Have you ?

JOHN BEAL : Well, yes. I had to. So it's all right now. They won't do it any more.

MIRALDA : H'm.

JOHN BEAL : What, what is it ? I promise you that's all right. They won't do that any more.

MIRALDA : H'm. I've never known anyone that tried to govern a country or anything of that sort, but . . .

JOHN BEAL : Of course, I'm just doing what I can to put them right. . . . I'd be very glad of your advice. . . . Of course, I'm only here in your name.

MIRALDA : What I mean is that I'd always thought that the one thing you shouldn't do, if you don't mind my saying so.

JOHN BEAL : No, certainly.

MIRALDA : . . . Was to interfere in people's religious beliefs.

JOHN BEAL : But, but I don't think you quite understand. The priests knife these people in the throat, boys and girls, and then acolytes lift them up and the blood runs down. I've seen them.

MIRALDA : I think it's best to leave religion to

the priests. They understand that kind of thing.

[JOHN BEAL *opens his mouth in horror and looks at ARCHIE. ARCHIE returns the glance ; there is very nearly a twinkle in ARCHIE's eyes.*

MIRALDA : Let's see Hussein.

JOHN BEAL : What do you think, Archie ?

ARCHIE BEAL : Poor fellow. We'd better send for him.

MIRALDA : Why do you say " poor fellow " ?

ARCHIE BEAL : Oh, because he's so much in debt. It's awful to be in debt. I'd sooner almost anything happened to me than to owe a lot of money.

MIRALDA : Your remark didn't sound very complimentary.

ARCHIE BEAL : O, I only meant that I'd hate to be in debt. And I should hate owing money to you, because . . .

MIRALDA : Why ?

ARCHIE BEAL : Because I should so awfully want to pay it.

MIRALDA : I see.

ARCHIE BEAL : That's all I meant.

MIRALDA : Does Hussein awfully want to pay it ?

ARCHIE BEAL : Well, no. But he hasn't seen you yet. He will then, of course.

[Enter DAOUD. He goes to the unholy heap.]

JOHN BEAL : Daoud, for the present these gods must stay. Aho-oomlah's gone, but the rest must stay for the present.

DAOUD : Even so, great master.

JOHN BEAL : Daoud, go once more to the palace of the Lord of the Pass and beat the outer door. Say that the great lady herself would see him. The great lady, Miss Clement, the white traveller's heiress.

DAOUD : Yes, master.

JOHN BEAL : Hasten.

[Exit DAOUD.]

I have sent him for Hussein.

MIRALDA : I don't know their language.

JOHN BEAL : You will see him, and I'll tell you what he says.

MIRALDA (*to* ARCHIE) : Have you been here long ?

ARCHIE BEAL : No. I think he wrote to me by the same mail as he wrote to you (if they have mails here). I came at once.

MIRALDA : So did I ; but you weren't on the *Empress of Switzerland*.

ARCHIE BEAL : No, I came round more by land.

JOHN BEAL : You know, I hardly like bringing Hussein in here to see you. He's such a—he's rather a . . .

MIRALDA : What's the matter with him ?

JOHN BEAL : Well, he's rather of the brigand type, and one doesn't know what he'll do.

MIRALDA : Well, we must see him first and hear what he has to say before we take any steps.

JOHN BEAL : But what do you propose to do ?

MIRALDA : Why, if he pays me everything he owes, or gives up the security . . .

JOHN BEAL : The security is the pass.

MIRALDA : Yes. If he gives up that or pays . . .

JOHN BEAL : You know he's practically king of the whole country. It seems rather cheek almost my sending for him like this.

MIRALDA : He must come.

JOHN BEAL : But what are you going to do ?

MIRALDA : If he gives up the pass . . .

JOHN BEAL : Why, if he gives up the pass you'd
be—you'd be a kind of queen of it all.

MIRALDA : Well, if he does that, all right. . . .

JOHN BEAL : But what if he doesn't ?

MIRALDA : Why, if he doesn't pay . . .

HUSSEIN (*off*) : I am here.

JOHN BEAL : Be seen.

Enter HUSSEIN.

HUSSEIN : Greeting once more.

JOHN BEAL : Again greeting. . . . The great lady,
Miss Clement, is here.

[HUSSEIN and MIRALDA look at each
other.

You will pay to Miss Clement and not
to your god of bronze. On the word
of an Englishman, your god of bronze
shall not have one gold piece that
belongs to the great lady!

HUSSEIN (*looking contemptuous*) : On the word of
the Lord of the Pass, I only pay to
Hinnard.

[He stands smiling while MIRALDA regards him.]

[Exit.]

ARCHIE BEAL : Well ?

JOHN BEAL : He won't pay.

ARCHIE BEAL : What are we to do now ?

JOHN BEAL (*to MIRALDA*) : I'm afraid he's rather an ugly customer to introduce you to like that. I'm sorry he came now.

MIRALDA : O, I like him, I think he looks splendid.

ARCHIE BEAL : Well, what are we to do ?

JOHN BEAL : Yes.

ARCHIE BEAL : What do you say, Miss Clement ?

JOHN BEAL : Yes, what do you feel we ought to do ?

MIRALDA : Well, perhaps I ought to leave all that to you.

ARCHIE BEAL : O, no.

JOHN BEAL : No, it's your money. What do you think we really ought to do ?

MIRALDA : Well, of course, I think you ought to kill Hussein.

[JOHN BEAL and ARCHIE BEAL look at each other a little startled.]

JOHN BEAL: But wouldn't that—wouldn't that be—murder?

MIRALDA: O, yes, according to the English law.

JOHN BEAL: I see; you mean—you mean we're not—but we are English.

MIRALDA: I mean it wouldn't be murder—by your law, unless you made it so.

JOHN BEAL: By *my* law?

MIRALDA: Yes, if you can interfere with their religion like this, and none of them say a word, why—you can make any laws you like.

JOHN BEAL: But Hussein is king here; he is Lord of the Pass, and that's everything here. I'm nobody.

MIRALDA: O, if you like to be nobody, of course that's different.

ARCHIE BEAL: I think she means that if Hussein weren't there there'd be only you. Of course, I don't know. I've only just come.

JOHN BEAL: But we can't kill Hussein!

[MIRALDA *begins to cry.*]

O Lord! Good heavens! Please, Miss Clement! I'm awfully sorry if I've said anything you didn't like. I wouldn't do that for worlds. I'm awfully sorry. It's a beastly country, I know. I'm really sorry you came. I feel it's all my fault. I'm really awfully sorry. . . .

MIRALDA: Never mind. Never mind. I was so helpless, and I asked you to help me. I never ought to have done it. I oughtn't to have spoken to you at all in that train without being introduced; but I was so helpless. And now, and now, I haven't a penny in the world, and, O, I don't know what to do.

ARCHIE BEAL: We'll do anything for you, Miss Clement.

JOHN BEAL: Anything in the wide world. Please, please don't cry. We'll do anything.

MIRALDA: I . . . I only. I only wanted to—to kill Hussein. But never mind, it doesn't matter now.

JOHN BEAL: We'll do it, Miss Clement, won't we, Archie? Only don't cry. We'll do it. I—I suppose he deserves it, doesn't he?

ARCHIE BEAL : Yes, I suppose he does.

JOHN BEAL : Well, all right, Miss Clement, that's settled. My brother and I will talk it over.

MIRALDA (*still sniffing*) : And—and—don't hang him or anything—he looks so fine . . . I—I wouldn't like him treated like that. He has such a grand beard. He ought to die fighting.

JOHN BEAL : We'll see what we can do, Miss Clement.

MIRALDA : It is sweet of you. It's really sweet. It's sweet of both of you. I don't know what I'd have done without you. I seemed to know it that day the moment I saw you.

JOHN BEAL : O, it's ^{well} nothing, Miss Clement, nothing at all.

ARCHIE BEAL : No. That's all right.

MIRALDA : Well, now I'll have to look for an hotel.

JOHN BEAL : Yes, that's the trouble, that really is the trouble. That's what I've been thinking of all the time.

MIRALDA : Why ; isn't there . . .

JOHN BEAL: No, I'm afraid there isn't. What are we to do, Archie.

ARCHIE BEAL: I—I can't think. Perhaps Miss Clement would have a scheme.

MIRALDA (*to* JOHN BEAL): I rely on you, Mr. Beal.

JOHN BEAL: I—I; but what can I . . . You see, you're all alone. If you'd anyone with you, you could have . . .

MIRALDA: I did think of bringing a rather nice aunt. But on the whole I thought it better not to tell anyone.

JOHN BEAL: Not to tell . . .

MIRALDA: No, on the whole I didn't.

JOHN BEAL: I say, Archie, what are we to do?

ARCHIE BEAL: Here's Daoud.

Enter DAUD.

JOHN BEAL: The one man I trust in Al Shaldomir!

DAUD: I have brought two watchers of the doorstep to guard the noble lady.

JOHN BEAL: He says he's brought two watchers of the doorstep to look after Miss Clement.

ARCHIE BEAL : Two chaperons ! Splendid ! She can go anywhere now.

JOHN BEAL : Well, really, that is better. Yes that will be all right. We can find a room for you now. The trouble was your being alone. I hope you'll like them. (*To DAUD.*) Tell them to enter here.

DAUD (*beckoning in the doorway*) : Ho ! Enter !

JOHN BEAL : That's all right, Archie, isn't it ?

ARCHIE BEAL : Yes, that's all right. A chaperon's a chaperon, black or white.

JOHN BEAL : You won't mind their being black, will you, Miss Clement ?

MIRALDA : No, I shan't mind. They can't be worse than white ones.

[*Enter BAZZALOL and THOOTHOOBABA, two enormous Nubians, bearing peacock fans and wearing scimitars. All stare at them. They begin to fan slightly.*

DAUD : The watchers of the doorstep.

JOHN BEAL : Idiot, Daoud ! Fools ! Dolts ! Men may not guard a lady's door.

[*BAZZALOL and THOOTHOOBABA smile ingratiatingly.*

BAZZALOL (*bowing*): We are not men.

CURTAIN.

Six and a half years elapse.

ACT III

THE SONG OF THE IRIS MARSHES.

*When morn is bright on the mountains olden
Till dawn is lost in the blaze of day,
When morn is bright and the marshes golden,
Where shall the lost lights fade away?
And where, my love, shall we dream to-day?*

*Dawn is fled to the marshy hollows
Where ghosts of stars in the dimness stray,
And the water is streaked with the flash of swallows
And all through summer the iris sway.
But where, my love, shall we dream to-day?*

When night is black in the iris marshes.

.

SCENE I

Six and a half years later.

Al Shaldomir.

A room in the palace.

MIRALDA *reclines on a heap of cushions.* JOHN
beside her.

Bazzalol and Thoothoobaba fan them.

OMAR (*declaiming to a zither*) :

Al Shaldomir, Al Shaldomir,
The nightingales that guard thy ways
Cease not to give thee, after God
And after Paradise, all praise,
Thou art the theme of all their lays.

Al Shaldomir, Al Shaldomir. . . .

MIRALDA : Go now, Omar.

OMAR : O lady, I depart.

[*Exit.*

MIRALDA (*languidly*) : John, John. I wish you'd
marry me.

JOHN : Miralda, you're thinking of those old
customs again that we left behind us

seven years ago. What's the good of it ?

MIRALDA : I had a fancy that I wished you would.

JOHN : What's the good of it ? You know you are my beloved. There are none of those clergymen within hundreds of miles. What's the good of it ?

MIRALDA : We could find one, John.

JOHN : O, yes, I suppose we could, but . . .

MIRALDA : Why won't you ?

JOHN : I told you why.

MIRALDA : O, yes, that instinct that you must not marry. That's not your reason, John.

JOHN : Yes, it is.

MIRALDA : It's a silly reason. It's a crazy reason. It's no reason at all. There's some other reason.

JOHN : No, there isn't. But I feel that in my bones. I don't know why. You know that I love none else but you. Besides, we're never going back, and it doesn't matter. This isn't Blackheath.

MIRALDA : So I must live as your slave.

JOHN : No, no, Miralda. My dear, you are not my slave. Did not the singer compare our love to the desire of the nightingale for the evening star ? All know that you are my queen.

MIRALDA : They do not know at home.

JOHN : Home ? Home ? How could they know ? What have we in common with home ? Rows and rows of little houses ; and if they hear a nightingale there they write to the papers. And—and if they saw this they'd think they were drunk. Miralda, don't be absurd. What has set you thinking of home ?

MIRALDA : I want to be crowned queen.

JOHN : But I am not a king. I am only Shereef.

MIRALDA : You are all-powerful here, John, you can do what you please, if you wish to. You don't love me at all.

JOHN : Miralda, you know I love you. Didn't I kill Hussein for you ?

MIRALDA : Yes, but you don't love me now.

JOHN : And Hussein's people killed Archie. That was for you too. I brought my brother

out here to help you. He was engaged to be married, too.

MIRALDA : But you don't love me now.

JOHN : Yes, I do. I love you as the dawn loves the iris marshes. You know the song they sing.*

MIRALDA : Then why won't you marry me ?

JOHN : I told you, I told you. I had a dream about the future. I forgot the dream, but I know I was not to marry. I will not wrong the future.

MIRALDA : Don't be crazy.

JOHN : I will have what fancies I please, crazy or sane. Am I not Shereef of Shal-domir ? Who dare stop me if I would be mad as Herod ?

MIRALDA : I will be crowned queen.

JOHN : It is not my wish.

MIRALDA : I will, I will, I will.

JOHN : Drive me not to anger. If I have you cast into a well and take twenty of the fairest daughters of Al Shaldomir in your place, who can gainsay me ?

* See p. 100.

MIRALDA : I will be crowned queen.

JOHN : O, do not be tiresome.

MIRALDA : Was it not my money that brought you here ? Was it not I who said " Kill Hussein " ? What power could you have had, had Hussein lived ? What would you have been doing now, but for me ?

JOHN : I don't know, Miralda.

MIRALDA : Catching some silly train to the City. Working for some dull firm. Living in some small suburban house. It is I, I, that brought you from all that, and you won't make me a queen.

JOHN : Is it not enough that you are my beloved ?
You know there is none other but you.
Is it not enough, Miralda ?

MIRALDA : It is not enough. I will be queen.

JOHN : Tchah ! . . . Miralda, I know you are a wonderful woman, the most wonderful in the East ; how you ever came to be in the West I don't know, and a train of all places ; but, Miralda, you must not have petty whims, they don't become you.

MIRALDA : Is it a petty whim to wish to be a queen ?

JOHN : Yes, when it is only the name you want. You *are* a queen. You have all you wish for. Are you not my beloved ? And have I not power here over all men ? Could I not close the pass ?

MIRALDA : I want to be queen.

JOHN : Oh-h ! I will leave you. I have more to do than to sit and hear your whims. When I come back you will have some other whim. Miralda, you have too many whims.

[*He rises.*

MIRALDA : Will you be back soon ?

JOHN : No.

MIRALDA : When will you come back, John ?

[*She is reclining, looking fair, fanning slightly.*

JOHN : In half an hour.

MIRALDA : In half an hour ?

JOHN : Yes.

[*Exit.*

MIRALDA : Half an hour.

[Her fan is laid down. She clutches it with . . . resolve. She goes to the wall, fanning herself slowly. She leans against it. She fans herself now with obvious deliberation. Three times the great fan goes flat against the window, and then again separately three times ; and then she puts it against the window once with a smile of ecstasy. She has signalled. She returns to the cushions and reclines with beautiful care, fanning herself softly.]

Enter the Vizier, HAFIZ EL ALCOLAHN.

HAFIZ : Lady ! You bade me come.

MIRALDA : Did I, Hafiz ?

HAFIZ : Lady, your fan.

MIRALDA : Ah, I was fanning myself.

HAFIZ : Seven times, lady.

MIRALDA : Ah, was it ? Well, now you're here . . .

HAFIZ : Lady, O star of these times. O light over lonely marshes. *(He kneels by*

her and embraces her.) Is the Shereef gone, lady ?

MIRALDA : For half an hour, Hafiz.

HAFIZ : How know you for half an hour ?

MIRALDA : He said so.

HAFIZ : He said so ? Then is the time to fear, if a man say so.

MIRALDA : I know him.

HAFIZ : In our country who knows any man so much ? None.

MIRALDA : He'll be away for half an hour.

HAFIZ (*embracing*) : O, exquisite lily of unattainable mountains.

MIRALDA : Ah, Hafiz, would you do a little thing for me ?

HAFIZ : I would do all things, lady, O evening star.

MIRALDA : Would you make me a queen, Hafiz ?

HAFIZ : If—if the Shereef were gathered ?

MIRALDA : Even so, Hafiz.

HAFIZ : Lady, I would make you queen of all that lies west of the passes.

MIRALDA : You would make me queen ?

HAFIZ : Indeed, before all my wives, before all

women, over all Shaldomir, named the elect.

MIRALDA : O, well, Hafiz ; then you may kiss me.

[HAFIZ *does so ad lib.*

Hafiz, the Shereef has irked me.

HAFIZ : Lady, O singing star, to all men is the hour.

MIRALDA : The appointed hour ?

HAFIZ : Even the appointed hour, the last, leading to darkness.

MIRALDA : Is it written, think you, that the Shereef's hour is soon ?

HAFIZ : Lady, O dawn's delight, let there be a banquet. Let the great ones of Shaldomir be bidden there.

MIRALDA : There shall be a banquet, Hafiz.

HAFIZ : Soon, O lady. Let it be soon, sole lily of the garden.

MIRALDA : It shall be soon, Hafiz.

[*More embraces.*

HAFIZ : And above all, O lady, bid Daoud, the son of the baker.

MIRALDA : He shall be bidden, Hafiz.

HAFIZ : O lady, it is well.

MIRALDA : Go now, Hafiz.

HAFIZ : Lady, I go (*giving a bag of gold to*
BAZZALOL). Silence. Silence. Silence.

BAZZALOL (*kneeling*) : O, master !

HAFIZ : Let the tomb speak ; let the stars cry out ;
but do you be silent.

BAZZALOL : Aye, master.

HAFIZ (*to* THOOTHOOBABA) : And you. Though
this one speak, yet be silent, or dread
the shadow of Hafiz el Alcolahn.

[*He drops a bag of gold. THOOTHOO-*
BABA *goes down and grabs at the*
gold ; his eyes gloat over it.

THOOTHOOBABA : Master, I speak not. Oh-h-h.

[*Exit HAFIZ.*

[*MIRALDA arranges herself on the*
cushions. She looks idly at each
Nubian. The Nubians put each a
finger over his lips and go on
fanning with one hand.

MIRALDA : A queen. I shall look sweet as a queen.

Enter JOHN. She rises to greet
him caressingly.

Enter DAUD.

Oh, you have brought Daoud with you.

JOHN : Why not ?

MIRALDA : You know that I don't like Daoud.

JOHN : I wish to speak with him.

[MIRALDA *looks straight at JOHN and moves away in silence. Exit L.*

JOHN : Daoud.

DAOUD : Great master.

JOHN : Daoud, one day in spring, in the cemetery of those called Blessed, beyond the city's gates, you swore to me by the graves of both your parents . . .

DAOUD : Great master, even so I swore.

JOHN : . . . to be true to me always.

DAOUD : There is no Shereef but my master.

JOHN : Daoud, you have kept your word.

DAOUD : I have sought to, master.

JOHN : You have helped me often, Daoud, warned me and helped me often. Through you I knew those currents that run through the deeps of the market, in silence and all men feel them, but a

ruler never. You told me of them, and when I knew—then I could look after myself, Daoud. They could do nothing against me then. Well, now I hold this people. I hold them at last, Daoud, and now—well, I can rest a little.

DAOUD : Not in the East, master.

JOHN : Not in the East, Daoud ?

DAOUD : No, master.

JOHN : Why ? What do you mean ?

DAOUD : In Western countries, master, whose tales I have read, in a wonderful book named the “ Good Child’s History of England,” in the West a man hath power over a land, and lo ! the power is his and descends to his son’s son after him.

JOHN : Well, doesn’t it in the East ?

DAOUD : Not if he does not watch, master ; in the night and the day, and in the twilight between the day and the night, and in the dawn between the night and the day.

JOHN : I thought you had pretty long dynasties in these parts, and pretty lazy ones.

DAOUD : Master, he that was mightiest of those that were kings in Babylon had a secret door prepared in an inner chamber, which led to a little room, the smallest in the palace, whose back door opened secretly to the river, even to great Euphrates, where a small boat waited all the days of his reign.

JOHN : Did he really now ? Well, *he* was taking no chances. Did he have to use it ?

DAOUD : No, master. Such boats are never used. Those that watch like that do not need to seek them, and the others, they would never be able to reach the river in time, even though the boat were there.

JOHN : I shouldn't like to have to live like that. Why, a river runs by the back of this palace. I suppose palaces usually are on rivers. I'm glad I don't have to keep a boat there.

DAOUD : No, master.

JOHN : Well, what is it you are worrying about ?
Who is it you are afraid of ?

DAOUD : Hafiz el Alcolahn.

JOHN : O, Hafiz. I have no fears of Hafiz.

Lately I ordered my spies to watch him no longer. Why does he hate me ?

DAOUD : Because, most excellent master, you slew Hussein.

JOHN : Slew Hussein ? What is that to do with him ? May I not slay whom I please ?

DAOUD : Even so, master. Even so. But he was Hussein's enemy.

JOHN : His enemy, eh ?

DAOUD : For years he had dreamed of the joy of killing Hussein.

JOHN : Well, he should have done it before I came. We don't hang over things and brood over them for years where I come from. If a thing's to be done, it's done.

DAOUD : Even so, master. Hafiz had laid his plans for years. He would have killed him and got his substance ; and then, when the hour drew near, you came, and Hussein died, swiftly, not as Hafiz would have had him die ; and lo ! thou art the lord of the pass, and Hafiz is no more than a beetle that runs about in the dirt.

JOHN : Well, so you fear Hafiz ?

DAOUD : Not for himself, master. Nay, I fear not Hafiz. But, master, hast thou seen when the thunder is coming, but no rumble is heard, and the sky is scarce yet black, how little winds run in the grass and sigh and die ; and the flower beckons a moment with its head ; all the world full of whispers, master, all saying nothing ; then the lightning, master, and the anger of God ; and men say it came without warning ? (*Simply.*) I hear those things coming, master.

JOHN : Well ?

DAOUD : Master, it is all silent in the market. Once, when the price of turquoises was high, men abused the Shereef. When the merchant men could not sell their pomegranates for silver they abused the Shereef. It is men's way, master, men's way. Now it is all silent in the market. It is like the grasses with the little winds, that whisper and sigh and die away ; like the flowers beckoning to nothing. And so, master, and so . . .

JOHN : I see, you fear some danger.

DAOUD : I fear it, master.

JOHN : What danger, Daoud ?

DAOUD : Master, I know not.

JOHN : From what quarter, Daoud ?

DAOUD : O master, O sole Lord of Al Shaldomir,
named the elect, from that quarter.

JOHN : That quarter ? Why, that is the gracious
lady's innermost chamber.

DAOUD : From that quarter, great master, O Lord
of the Pass.

JOHN : Daoud, I have cast men into prison for
saying less than this. Men have been
flogged on the feet for less than this.

DAOUD : Slay me, master, but hear my words.

JOHN : I will not slay you. You are mistaken,
Daoud. You have made a great
mistake. The thing is absurd. Why,
the gracious lady has scarcely seen
Hafiz. She knows nothing of the talk
of the market. Who could tell her ?
No one comes here. It is absurd.
Only the other day she said to me . . .
But it is absurd, it is absurd, Daoud.
Besides, the people would never rebel
against me. Do I not govern them
well ?

DAOUD : Even so, master.

JOHN : Why should they rebel, then ?

DAOUD : They think of the old times, master.

JOHN : The old times ? Why, their lives weren't safe. The robbers came down from the mountains and robbed the market whenever they had a mind.

DAOUD : Master, men were content in the old times.

JOHN : But were the merchants content ?

DAOUD : Those that loved merchandise were content, master. Those that loved it not went into the mountains.

JOHN : But were they content when they were robbed ?

DAOUD : They soon recovered their losses, master. Their prices were unjust and they loved usury.

JOHN : And were the people content with unjust prices ?

DAOUD : Some were, master, as men have to be in all countries. The others went into the mountains and robbed the merchants.

JOHN : I see.

DAOUD : But now, master, a man robs a merchant and he is cast into prison. Now a man is slain in the market and his son, his own son, master, may not follow after the aggressor and slay him and burn his house. They are ill-content, master. No man robs the merchants, no man slays them, and the merchants' hearts are hardened and they oppress all men.

JOHN : I see. They don't like good government ?

DAOUD : They sigh for the old times, master.

JOHN : I see ; I see. In spite of all I have done for them, they want their old bad government back again.

DAOUD : It is the old way, master.

JOHN : Yes, yes. And so they would rebel. Well, we must watch. You have warned me once again, Daoud, and I am grateful. But you are wrong, Daoud, about the gracious lady. You are mistaken. It is impossible. You are mistaken, Daoud. I know it could not be.

DAOUD : I am mistaken, master. Indeed, I

am mistaken. Yet, watch. Watch, master.

JOHN : Well, I will watch.

DAOUD : And, master, if ever I come to you bearing oars, then watch no longer, master, but follow me through the banquet chamber and through the room beyond it. Move as the wild deer move when there is danger, without pausing, without wondering, without turning round; for in that hour, master, in that hour . . .

JOHN : Through the room beyond the banquet chamber, Daoud ?

DAOUD : Aye, master, following me.

JOHN : But there is no door beyond, Daoud.

DAOUD : Master, I have prepared a door.

JOHN : A door, Daoud ?

DAOUD : A door none wots of, master.

JOHN : Whither does it lead ?

DAOUD : To a room that you know not of, a little room ; you must stoop, master.

JOHN : O, and then ?

DAOUD : To the river, master.

JOHN : The river ! But there's no boat there.

DAOUD : Under the golden willow, master.

JOHN : A boat ?

DAOUD : Even so, under the branches.

JOHN : Is it come to that ? . . . No, Daoud, all this is unnecessary. It can't come to that.

DAOUD : If ever I come before you bearing two oars, in that hour, master, it is necessary.

JOHN : But you will not come. It will never come to that.

DAOUD : No, master.

JOHN : A wise man can stop things before they get as far as that.

DAOUD : They that were kings in Babylon were wise men, master.

JOHN : Babylon ! But that was thousands of years ago.

DAOUD : Man changes not, master.

JOHN : Well, Daoud, I will trust you, and if it ever comes to that . . .

Enter MIRALDA.

MIRALDA : I thought Daoud was gone.

DAOUD : Even now I go, gracious lady.

[*Exit DAOUD. Rather strained silence with JOHN and MIRALDA till he goes. She goes and makes herself comfortable on the cushions. He is not entirely at ease.*]

MIRALDA : You had a long talk with Daoud.

JOHN : Yes, he came and talked a good deal.

MIRALDA : What about ?

JOHN : O, just talk ; you know these Eastern people.

MIRALDA : I thought it was something you were discussing with him.

JOHN : O, no.

MIRALDA : Some important secret.

JOHN : No, not at all.

MIRALDA : You often talk with Daoud.

JOHN : Yes, he is useful to me. When he talks sense I listen, but to-day . . .

MIRALDA : What did he come for to-day ?

JOHN : O, nothing.

MIRALDA : You have a secret with Daoud that you will not share with me.

JOHN : No, I have not.

MIRALDA : What was it he said ?

JOHN : He said there was a king in Babylon
who . . .

[DAOUD *slips into the room.*

MIRALDA : In Babylon ? What has that to do
with us ?

JOHN : Nothing. I told you he was not talking
sense.

MIRALDA : Well, what did he say ?

JOHN : He said that in Babylon . . .

DAOUD : Hist !

JOHN : O, well . . .

[MIRALDA *glares, but calms herself
and says nothing.*

[*Exit* DAOUD.

MIRALDA : What did Daoud say of Babylon ?

JOHN : O, well, as you say, it had nothing to do
with us.

MIRALDA : But I wish to hear it.

JOHN : I forget.

[*For a moment there is silence.*

MIRALDA : John, John. Will you do a little thing for me ?

JOHN : What is it ?

MIRALDA : Say you will do it, John. I should love to have one of my little wishes granted.

JOHN : What is it ?

MIRALDA : Kill Daoud, John. I want you to kill Daoud.

JOHN : I will not.

[He walks up and down in front of the two Nubians in silence. She plucks petulantly at a pillow. She suddenly calms herself. A light comes into her eyes. The Nubians go on fanning. JOHN goes on pacing.]

MIRALDA : John, John, I have forgotten my foolish fancies.

JOHN : I am glad of it.

MIRALDA : I do not really wish you to kill Daoud.

JOHN (*same voice*) : I'm glad you don't.

MIRALDA : I have only one fancy now, John.

JOHN : Well, what is it ?

MIRALDA : Give a banquet, John. I want you to give a banquet.

JOHN : A banquet ? Why ?

MIRALDA : Is there any harm in my fancy ?

JOHN : No.

MIRALDA : Then if I may not be a queen, and if you will not kill Daoud for me, give a banquet, John. There is no harm in a banquet.

JOHN : Very well. When do you want it ?

MIRALDA : To-morrow, John. Bid all the great ones to it, all the illustrious ones in Al Shaldomir.

JOHN : Very well.

MIRALDA : And bid Daoud come.

JOHN : Daoud ? You asked me to kill him.

MIRALDA : I do not wish that any longer, John.

JOHN : You have queer moods, Miralda.

MIRALDA : May I not change my moods, John ?

JOHN : I don't know. I don't understand them.

MIRALDA : And ask Hafiz el Alcolahn, John.

JOHN : Hafiz ? Why ?

MIRALDA : I don't know, John. It was just my fancy.

JOHN : Your fancy, eh ?

MIRALDA : That was all.

JOHN : Then I will ask him. Have you any other fancy ?

MIRALDA : Not now, John.

JOHN : Then go, Miralda.

MIRALDA : Go ?

JOHN : Yes.

MIRALDA : Why ?

JOHN : Because I command it.

MIRALDA : Because you command it ?

JOHN : Yes, I, the Shereef Al Shaldomir.

MIRALDA : Very well.

[Exit L.

[He walks to the door to see that she is really gone. He comes back to centre and stands with back to audience, pulling a cord quietly from his pocket and arranging it.

[He moves half left and comes up behind BAZZALOL. Suddenly he

slips the cord over BAZZALOL's head, and tightens it round his neck.

[BAZZALOL flops on his knees.

[THOOTHOOBABA goes on fanning.

JOHN : Speak !

[BAZZALOL is silent.

[JOHN tightens it more. THOOTHOOBABA goes on quietly fanning.

BAZZALOL : I cannot.

JOHN : If you would speak, raise your left hand.
If you raise your left hand and do not speak you shall die.

[BAZZALOL is silent. JOHN tightens more. BAZZALOL raises his great flabby left hand high. JOHN releases the cord. BAZZALOL blinks and moves his mouth.

BAZZALOL : Gracious Shereef, one visited the great lady and gave us gold, saying, "Speak not."

JOHN : When ?

BAZZALOL : Great master, one hour since.

JOHN (*a little viciously*) : Who ?

BAZZALOL : O heaven-sent, he was Hafiz al Alcolahn.

JOHN : Give me the gold.

[BAZZALOL *gives it.*

(*To THOOTHOOBABA.*) Give me the gold.

THOOTHOOBABA : Master, none gave me gold.

[JOHN *touches his dagger, and looks like using it.*

[THOOTHOOBABA *gives it.*

JOHN : Take back your gold. Be silent about this. You too.

[*He throws gold to BAZZALOL.*

Gold does not make you silent, but there is a thing that does. What is that thing ? Speak. What thing makes you silent ?

BAZZALOL : O, great master, it is death.

JOHN : Death, eh ? And how will you die if you speak ? You know how you will die ?

BAZZALOL : Yes, heaven-sent.

JOHN : Tell your comrade, then.

BAZZALOL : We shall be eaten, great master.

JOHN : You know by what ?

BAZZALOL : Small things, great master, small things. Oh-h-h-h. Oh-h-h.

[THOOTHOOBABA's *knees scarcely hold him.*

JOHN : It is well.

CURTAIN.

SCENE II

A small street. Al Shaldomir.

Time : Next day.

Enter L. the SHEIK OF THE BISHAREENS.

He goes to an old green door, pointed of course in the Arabic way.

SHEIK OF THE BISHAREENS : Ho, Bishareens !

[The BISHAREENS run on.

SHEIK : It is the place and the hour.

BISHAREENS : Ah, ah !

SHEIK (*to* FIRST BISHAREEN) : Watch.

[FIRST BISHAREEN goes to right and watches up sunny street.

FIRST BISHAREEN : He comes.

[Enter HAFIZ EL ALCOLAHN. He goes straight up to the SHEIK and whispers.

SHEIK (*turning*) : Hear, O Bishareens.

[HAFIZ places flute to his lips.

A BISHAREEN : And the gold, master ?

SHEIK : Silence ! It is the signal.

[HAFIZ *plays a weird, strange tune on his flute.*

HAFIZ : So.

SHEIK : Master, once more.

[HAFIZ *raises the flute again to his lips.*

SHEIK : Hear, O Bishareens !

[*He plays the brief tune again.*

HAFIZ (*to SHEIK*) : Like that.

SHEIK : We have heard, O master.

[*He walks away L. Hands move in the direction of knife-hilts.*

THE BISHAREENS : Ah, ah !

[*Exit HAFIZ.*

[*He plays a merry little tune on his flute as he walks away.*

CURTAIN.

SCENE III

The banqueting hall. A table along the back.

JOHN and MIRALDA seated with notables of Al Shaldomir.

JOHN sits in the centre, with MIRALDA on his right and, next to her, HAFIZ EL ALCOLAHN.

MIRALDA (to JOHN) : You bade Daoud be present ?

JOHN : Yes.

MIRALDA : He is not here.

JOHN : Daoud not here ?

MIRALDA : No.

JOHN : Why ?

MIRALDA : We all obey you, but not Daoud.

JOHN : I do not understand it.

A NOTABLE : The Shereef has frowned.

[Enter R. an OFFICER-AT-ARMS. *He halts at once and salutes with his sword, then takes a side pace to his left, standing against the wall, sword at the carry.*

[JOHN acknowledges salute by touching his forehead with the inner tips of his fingers. .

OFFICER-AT-ARMS : Soldiers of Al Shaldomir ; with the dance-step ; march.

[Enter R. some men in single file ; uniform, pale green silks ; swords at carry. They advance in single file, in a slightly serpentine way, deviating to their left a little out of the straight and returning to it, stepping neatly on the tips of their toes. Their march is fantastic and odd without being exactly funny.

[The OFFICER-AT-ARMS falls in on their left flank and marches about level with the third or fourth man.

[When he reaches the centre he gives another word of command.

OFFICER-AT-ARMS : With reverence : Salute.

[The actor who takes this part should have been an officer or N.C.O.

[JOHN stands up and acknowledges their salute by touching his forehead with the fingers of the right hand, palm turned inwards. .

[Exeunt soldiers L. JOHN sits down.]

A NOTABLE : He does not smile this evening.

A WOMAN : The Shereef ?

NOTABLE : He has not smiled.

[Enter R. ZABNOOL, a CONJURER, with brass bowl. He bows. He walks to centre opposite JOHN. He exhibits his bowl.]

ZABNOOL : Behold. The bowl is empty.

[ZABNOOL produces a snake.]

ZABNOOL : Ah, little servant of Death.

[He produces flowers.]

Flowers, master, flowers. All the way from Nowhere.

[He produces birds.]

Birds, master. Birds from Nowhere. Sing, sing to the Shereef. Sing the little empty songs of the land of Nowhere.

[He seats himself on the ground facing JOHN. He puts the bowl on the ground. He places a piece of silk, with queer designs on it, over the bowl. He partly draws the silk away with his left hand and puts

in his right. He brings out a young crocodile and holds it by the neck.

CONJURER: Behold, O Shereef; O people, behold; a crocodile.

[He rises and bows to JOHN and wraps up the crocodile in some drapery and walks away. As he goes he addresses his crocodile.]

O eater of lambs, O troubler of the rivers, you sought to evade me in an empty bowl. O thief, O appetite, you sought to evade the Shereef. The Shereef has seen you, O vexer of swimmers, O pig in armour, O . . .

[Exit.]

[SHABEESH, another CONJURER, *rushes on.*]

SHABEESH: Bad man, master; he very, very bad man.

[He pushes ZABNOOL away roughly, impetus of which carries ZABNOOL to the wings.]

Very, very bad man, master.

MIRALDA (*reprovingly*): Zabnool has amused us.

SHABEESH: He very, very bad man, lily lady.
He get crocodile from devil. From

devil Poolyana, lily lady. Very, very bad.

MIRALDA : He may call on devils if he amuse us, Shabeesh.

SHABEESH : But Poolyana, *my* devil. He call on *my* devil, lily lady. Very, very, very bad. My devil Poolyana.

MIRALDA : Call on him yourself, Shabeesh.
Amuse us.

SHABEESH : Shall one devil serve two masters ?

MIRALDA : Why not ?

SHABEESH (*beginning to wave priestly conjurer's hands*) : Very bad man go away. Go away, bad man : go away, bad man. Poolyana not want bad man : Poolyana only work for good man. He mighty fine devil. Poolyana, Poolyana. Big, black, fine, furry devil. Poolyana, Poolyana, Poolyana. O fine, fat devil with big angry tail. Poolyana, Poolyana, Poolyana. Send me up fine young pig for the Shereef. Poolyana, Poolyana. Lil yellow pig with curly tail. (*Small pig appears.*) O Poolyana, great Poolyana. Fine black fur and grey fur underneath. Fine ferocious

devil, you *my* devil, Poolyana. O, Poolyana, Poolyana, Poolyana. Send me a big beast what chew bad man's crocodile. Big beast with big teeth, eat him like a worm.

[He has spread large silk handkerchief on floor and is edging back from it in alarm.]

Long nails in him toes, big like lion, Poolyana. Send great smelly big beast—eat up bad man's crocodile.

[At first stir of handkerchief SHA-BEESH leaps in alarm.]

He come, he come. I see his teeth and horns.

[Enter small live rabbit from trap-door under handkerchief.]

O, Poolyana, you big devil have your liddle joke. You laugh at poor conjuring man. You send him lil rabbit to eat big crocodile. Bad Poolyana. Bad Poolyana.

[Whacks ground with stick.]

You plenty bad devil, Poolyana.

[Whacking it again. Handkerchief has been thrown on ground again.]

Handkerchief stirs slightly.

No, no, Poolyana. You not bad devil. You not bad devil. You plenty good devil, Poolyana. No, no, no! Poor conjuring man quite happy on muddy earth. No, Poolyana, no! O, no, no, devil. O, no, no! Hell plenty nice place for devil. Master! He not my devil! He other man's devil!

JOHN: What's this noise? What's it about?
What's the matter?

SHABEESH (*in utmost terror*): He coming, master!
Coming!

ZABNOOL: Poolyana, Poolyana, Poolyana. Stay down, stay down, Poolyana. Stay down in nice warm hell, Poolyana. The Shereef want no devil to-day.

[ZABNOOL *before speaking returns to centre and pats air over ground where handkerchief lies.*

[Then SHABEESH and ZABNOOL come together side by side and bow and smile together toward the SHEREEF. Gold is thrown to them, which ZABNOOL gathers and hands to SHABEESH, who gives a share back to ZABNOOL.

A NOTABLE : The Shereef is silent.

[Enter three women R. in single file, dancing, and carrying baskets full of pink rose-leaves. They dance across, throwing down rose-leaves, leaving a path of them behind them.]

[Exeunt L.]

A NOTABLE : Still he is silent.

MIRALDA : Why do you not speak ?

JOHN : I do not wish to speak.

MIRALDA : Why ?

Enter OMAR with his zither.

OMAR (*singing*) :

Al Shaldomir, Al Shaldomir,
Birds sing thy praises night and day ;
The nightingale in every wood,
Blackbirds in fields profound with may ;
Birds sing of thee by every way.

Al Shaldomir, Al Shaldomir,
My heart is ringing with thee still ;
Though far away, O fairy fields,
My soul flies low by every hill
And misses not one daffodil.

Al Shaldomir, Al Shaldomir,
O mother of my roving dreams,
Blue is the night above thy spires,
And blue by myriads of streams,
Paradise through thy gateway gleams.

MIRALDA : Why do you not wish to speak ?

JOHN : You desire me to speak ?

MIRALDA : No. They all wonder why you do not speak ; that is all.

JOHN : I will speak. They shall hear me.

MIRALDA : O, there is no need to.

JOHN : There *is* a need. (*He rises.*) People of Shaldomir, behold I know your plottings. I know the murmurings that you murmur against me. When I sleep in my inner chamber my ear is in the market, while I sit at meat I hear men whisper far hence and know their innermost thoughts. Hope not to overcome me by your plans nor by any manner of craftiness. My gods are gods of brass ; none have escaped them. They cannot be overthrown. Of all men they favour my people. Their hands reach out to the uttermost ends of the earth. Take heed,

for my gods are terrible. I am the Shereef; if any dare withstand me I will call on my gods and they shall crush him utterly. They shall grind him into the earth and trample him under, as though he had not been. The uttermost parts have feared the gods of the English. They reach out, they destroy, there is no escape from them. Be warned; for I do not permit any to stand against me. The laws that I have given you, you shall keep; there shall be no other laws. Whoso murmurs shall know my wrath and the wrath of my gods. Take heed, I speak not twice. I spoke once to Hussein. Hussein heard not; and Hussein is dead; his ears are closed for ever. Hear, O people.

HAFIZ: O Shereef, we murmur not against you.

JOHN: I know thoughts and hear whispers. I need not instruction, Hafiz.

HAFIZ: You exalt yourself over us as none did aforetime.

JOHN: Yes. And I will exalt myself. I have been Shereef hitherto, but now I will be king. Al Shaldomir is less than I desire. I have ruled too long over

a little country. I will be the equal of Persia. I will be king; I proclaim it. The pass is mine; the mountains shall be mine also. And he that rules the mountains has mastery over all the plains beyond. If the men of the plains will not own it let them make ready; for my wrath will fall on them in the hour when they think me afar, on a night when they think I dream. I proclaim myself king over . . .

[HAFIZ pulls out his flute and plays the weird, strange tune. JOHN looks at him in horrified anger.]

JOHN: The penalty is death! Death is the punishment for what you do, Hafiz. You have dared while I spoke. Hafiz, your contempt is death. Go to Hussein. I, the king . . . say it.

[DAOUD has entered R., bearing two oars. DAOUD walks across, not looking at JOHN. Exit by small door in L. near back.]

[JOHN gives one look at the banqueters, then he follows DAOUD. Exit.]

[All look astonished. Some rise and peer. HAFIZ draws his knife.]

OMAR (*singing*):

Al Shaldomir, Al Shaldomir,
The nightingales that guard thy ways
Cease not to give thee, after God
And after Paradise, all praise,

CRIES (*off*): Kill the unbeliever. Kill the dog.
Kill the Christian.

[*Enter the SHEIK OF THE BISHAREENS,
followed by all his men.*

SHEIK: We are the Bishareens, master.

[*MIRALDA standing up, right arm
akimbo, left arm pointing perfectly
straight out towards the small door,
hand extended.*

MIRALDA: He is there.

[*The BISHAREENS run off through the
little door.*

A NOTABLE: Not to interfere with old ways is
wisest.

ANOTHER: Indeed, it would have been well for
him.

[*The BISHAREENS begin to return
looking all about them like dis-
appointed hounds.*

A BISHAREEN: He is not there, master.

HAFIZ: Not there? Not there? Why, there is no door beyond. He must needs be there, and his chief spy with him.

SHEIK (*off*): He is not here.

MIRALDA (*turning round and clawing the wall*):
O, I was weary of him. I was weary of him.

HAFIZ: Be comforted, pearl of the morning; he is gone.

MIRALDA: When I am weary of a man he must die.

[*He embraces her knees.*

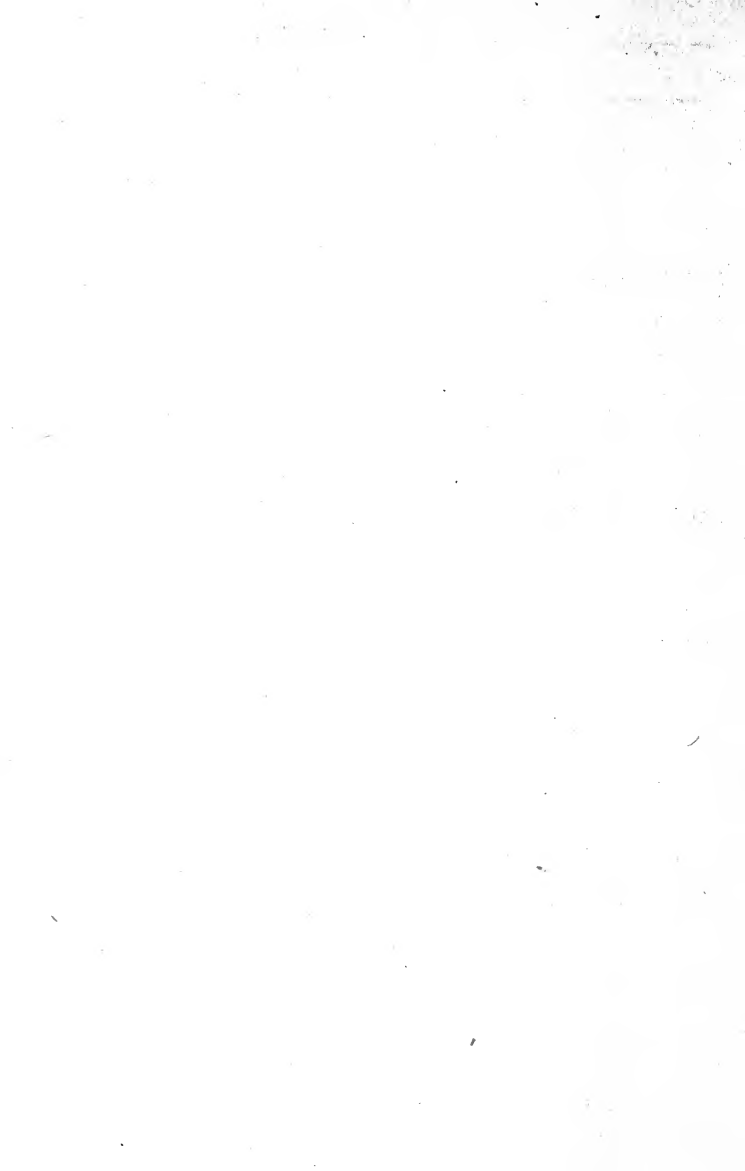
ZAGBOOLA (*who has come on with a little crowd that followed the BISHAREENS. She is blind*):
Lead me to Hafiz. I am the mother of Hafiz. Lead me to Hafiz. (*They lead her near.*) Hafiz! Hafiz!

[*She finds his shoulder and tries to drag him away.*

HAFIZ: Go! Go! I have found the sole pearl of the innermost deeps of the sea.

[*He is kneeling and kissing MIRALDA's hand. ZAGBOOLA wails.*

CURTAIN.



ACT IV



SCENE I

Three years elapse.

Scene : The street outside the Acacias.

Time : Evening.

Ali leans on a pillar-box watching.

John shuffles on L. He is miserably dressed, an Englishman down on his luck.

A nightingale sings far off.

JOHN : A nightingale here. Well, I never.

Al Shaldomir, Al Shaldomir,

The nightingales that guard thy
ways

Cease not to give thee after God

And after Paradise all praise. . . .

The infernal place ! I wish I had
never seen it ! Wonder what set me
thinking of that ?

[The nightingale sings another bar.

JOHN *turns to his left and walks
down the little path that leads to
the door of the Acacias.*

I mustn't come here. Mustn't come

to a fine house like this. Mustn't. Mustn't.

[He draws near it reluctantly. He puts his hand to the bell and withdraws it. Then he rings and snatches his hand away. He prepares to run away. Finally he rings it repeatedly, feverishly, violently.]

Enter LIZA, opening the door.

LIZA : Ullo, 'Oo's this !

JOHN : I oughtn't to have rung, miss, I know.
I oughtn't to have rung your bell ;
but I've seen better days, and wondered if—I wondered . . .

LIZA : I oughtn't to 'ave opened the door, that's wot *I* oughtn't. Now I look at you, I oughtn't to 'ave opened it. Wot does you want ?

JOHN : O, don't turn me away now, miss. I must come here. I must.

LIZA : Must ? Why ?

JOHN : I don't know.

LIZA : Wot do you want ?

JOHN : Who lives here ?

LIZA : Mr. and Mrs. Cater ; firm of Briggs, Cater, and Johnstone. What do you want ?

JOHN : Could I see Mr. Cater ?

LIZA : He's out. Dining at the Mansion House.

JOHN : Oh.

LIZA : He is.

JOHN : Could I see Mrs. Cater ?

LIZA : See Mrs. Cater ? No, of course you couldn't.

[She prepares to shut the door.]

JOHN : Miss ! Miss ! Don't go, miss. Don't shut me out. If you knew what I'd suffered, if you knew what I'd suffered. Don't !

LIZA (*coming forward again*) : Suffered ? Why ? Ain't you got enough to eat ?

JOHN : No, I've had nothing all day.

LIZA : 'Aven't you really now ?

JOHN : No. And I get little enough at any time.

LIZA (*kindly*) : You ought to work.

JOHN : I . . . I can't. I can't bring myself . . .
I . . . I've seen better times.

LIZA : Still, you could work.

JOHN : I—I can't grub for halfpennies when I've
—when I've . . .

LIZA : When you've what ?

JOHN : Lost millions.

LIZA : Millions ?

JOHN : I've lost everything.

LIZA : 'Ow did you lose it ?

JOHN : Through being blind. But never mind,
never mind. It's all gone now, and
I'm hungry.

LIZA : 'Ow long 'ave you been down on your
luck ?

JOHN : It's three years now.

LIZA : Couldn't get a regular job, like ?

JOHN : Well, I suppose I might have. I suppose
it's my fault, miss. But the heart was
out of me.

LIZA : Dear me, now.

JOHN : Miss.

LIZA : Yes ?

JOHN : You've a kind face . . .

LIZA : 'Ave I ?

JOHN : Yes. Would you do me a kind turn ?

LIZA : Well, I dunno. I might, as yer so down
on yer luck—I don't like to see a man
like you are, I must say.

JOHN : Would you let me come into the big
house and speak to the missus a
moment ?

LIZA : She'd row me awful if I did. This house
is very respectable.

JOHN : I feel, if you would, I feel, I feel my luck
might change.

LIZA : But I don't know what she'd say if I did.

JOHN : Miss, I must.

LIZA : I don't know wot she'd say.

JOHN : I must come in, miss, I must.

LIZA : I don't know what she'll say.

JOHN : I must. I can't help myself.

LIZA : I don't know what she'll . . .

[JOHN *is in, door shuts.*

[ALI *throws his head up and laughs,
but quite silently.*

CURTAIN.

SCENE II

The drawing-room at the Acacias.

A moment later.

[The scene is the same as in Act I, except that the sofa which was red is now green, and the photograph of Aunt Martha is replaced by that of a frowning old colonel. The ages of the four children in the photographs are the same, but their sexes have changed.]

MARY *reading.* Enter LIZA.

LIZA : There's a gentleman to see you, mum, which is, properly speaking, not a gentleman at all, but 'e would come in, mum.

MARY : Not a gentleman ! Good gracious, Liza, whatever do you mean ?

LIZA : 'E would come in, mum.

MARY : But what does he want ?

LIZA (*over shoulder*) : What does you want ?

JOHN (*entering*): I am a beggar.

MARY: O, really? You've no right to be coming into houses like this, you know.

JOHN: I know that, madam, I know that. Yet somehow I couldn't help myself. I've been begging for nearly three years now, and I've never done this before, yet somehow to-night I felt impelled to come to this house. I beg your pardon, humbly. Hunger drove me to it.

MARY: Hunger?

JOHN: I'm very hungry, madam.

MARY: Unfortunately Mr. Cater has not yet returned, or perhaps he might . . .

JOHN: If you could give me a little to eat yourself, madam, a bit of stale bread, a crust, something that Mr. Cater would not want.

MARY: It's very unusual, coming into a house like this and at such an hour—it's past eleven o'clock—and Mr. Cater not yet returned. Are you really hungry?

JOHN: I'm very, very hungry.

MARY : Well, it's very unusual ; but perhaps I might get you a little something.

[She picks up an empty plate from the supper table.]

JOHN : Madam, I do not know how to thank you.

MARY : O, don't mention it.

JOHN : I have not met such kindness for three years. I . . . I'm starving. I've known better times.

MARY (*kindly*) : I'll get you something. You've known better times, you say ?

JOHN : I had been intended for work in the City. And then, then I travelled, and—and I got very much taken with foreign countries, and I thought—but it all went to pieces. I lost everything. Here I am, starving.

MARY (*as one might reply to the Mayoress who had lost her gloves*) : O, I'm so sorry.

[JOHN sighs deeply.]

MARY : I'll get a nice bit of something to eat.

JOHN : A thousand thanks to you, madam.

[Exit MARY with the plate.]

LIZA (*who has been standing near the door all the time*): Well, she's going to get you something.

JOHN: Heaven reward her.

LIZA: Hungry as all that?

JOHN: I'm on my beam ends.

LIZA: Cheer up!

JOHN: That's all very well to say, living in a fine house, as you are, dry and warm and well-fed. But what have I to cheer up about?

LIZA: Isn't there anything you could pop?

JOHN: What?

LIZA: Nothing you can take to the pawn-shop? I've tided over times I wanted a bit of cash that way sometimes.

JOHN: What could I pawn?

LIZA: Well, well you've a watch-chain.

JOHN: A bit of old leather.

LIZA: But what about the watch?

JOHN: I've no watch.

LIZA: O, funny having a watch-chain then.

JOHN : O, that's only for this ; it's a bit of crystal.

LIZA : Funny bit of a thing. What's it for ?

JOHN : I don't know.

LIZA : Was it give to you ?

JOHN : I don't know. I don't know how I got it.

LIZA : Don't know how you got it ?

JOHN : No, I can't remember at all. But I've a feeling about it, I can't explain what I feel ; but I don't part with it.

LIZA : Don't you ? You might get something on it, likely, and have a square meal.

JOHN : I won't part with it.

LIZA : Why ?

JOHN : I feel I won't. I never have.

LIZA : Feel you won't ?

JOHN : Yes, I have that feeling very strongly. I've kept it always. Everything else is gone.

LIZA : Had it long ?

JOHN : Yes, yes. About ten years. I found I had it one morning in a train. It's odd that I can't remember.

LIZA : But wot d'yer keep it for ?

JOHN : Just for luck.

[LIZA *breaks into laughter.*

LIZA : Well, you are funny.

JOHN : I'm on my beam ends. I don't know if that is funny.

LIZA : You're as down in your luck as ever you can be, and you go keeping a thing like that for luck. Why, you couldn't be funnier.

JOHN : Well, what would you do ?

LIZA : Why, I 'ad a mascot once, all real gold ; and I had rotten luck. Rotten luck I had. Rotten.

JOHN : And what did you do ?

LIZA : Took it back to the shop.

JOHN : Yes ?

LIZA : They was quite obliging about it. Gave me a wooden one instead, what was guaranteed. Luck changed very soon altogether.

JOHN : Could luck like mine change ?

LIZA : Course it could.

JOHN : Look at me.

LIZA : You'll be all right one of these days.
Give me that mascot.

JOHN : I—I hardly like to. One has an awfully strong feeling with it.

LIZA : Give it to me. It's no good.

JOHN : I—I don't like to.

LIZA : You just give it to me. I tell you it's doing you no good. I know all about them mascots. Give it me.

JOHN : Well, well, I'll give it you. You're the first woman that's been kind to me since . . . I'm on my beam ends.

[Face in hands—tears.]

LIZA : There, there. I'm going to smash it, I am. These mascots! One's better without 'em. Your luck'll turn, never fear. And you've a nice supper coming.

[She puts it in a corner of the mantel-piece and hammers it. It smashes.]

[The photographs of the four children change slightly. The Colonel gives place to Aunt Martha. The green sofa turns red. JOHN'S

clothes become neat and tidy. The hammer in LIZA's hand turns to a feather duster. Nothing else changes.

A VOICE (*off, in agony*): Allah! Allah! Allah!

LIZA: Some foreign gentleman must have hurt himself.

JOHN: H'm. Sounds like it . . . Liza.

[LIZA, *dusting the photographs on the wall, just behind the corner of the mantelpiece.*

LIZA: Funny. Thought I—thought I 'ad a hammer in my hand.

JOHN: Really, Liza, I often think you have. You really should be more careful. Only—only yesterday you broke the glass of Miss Jane's photograph.

LIZA: Thought it was a hammer.

JOHN: Really, I think it sometimes is. It's a mistake you make too often, Liza. You—you must be more careful.

LIZA: Very well, sir. Funny my thinking I 'ad an 'ammer in my 'and, though.

[*She goes to tidy the little supper*

table. Enter MARY with food on a plate.

MARY : I've brought you your supper, John.

JOHN : Thanks, Mary. I—I think I must have taken a nap.

MARY : Did you, dear ? Thanks, Liza. Run along to bed now, Liza. Good gracious, it's half-past eleven.

[MARY makes final arrangements of supper table.]

LIZA : Thank you, mum.

[Exit.]

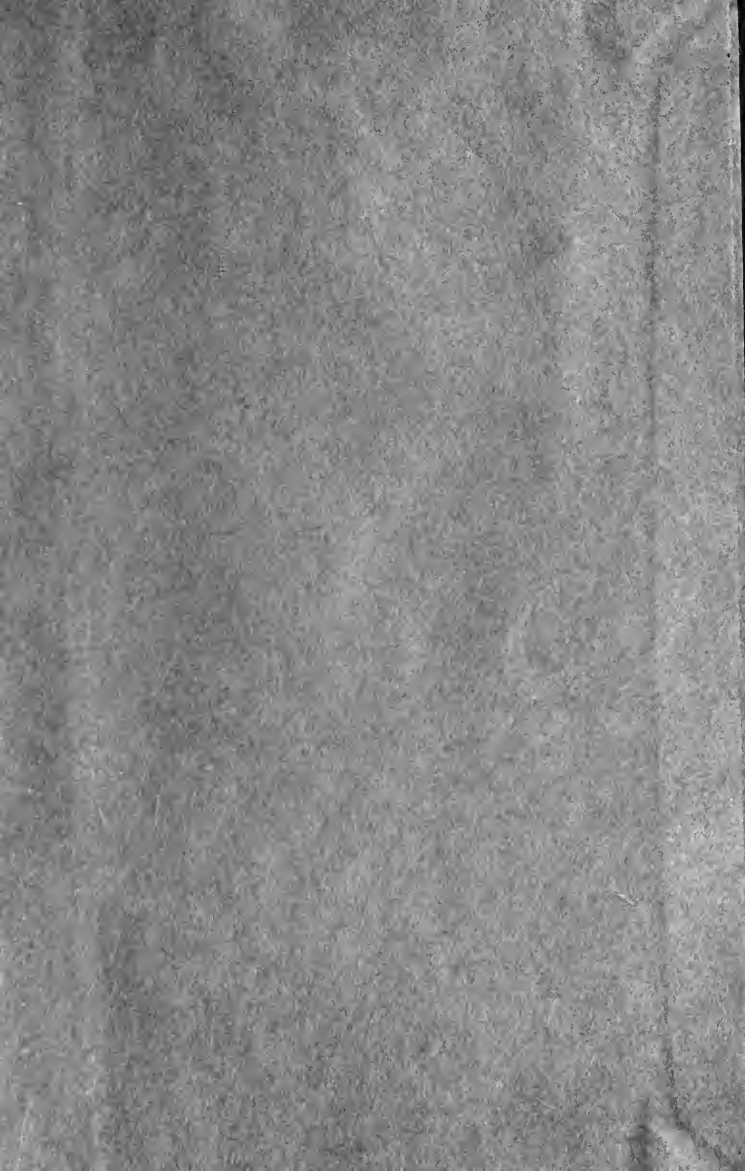
JOHN : Mary.

MARY : Yes, John.

JOHN : I—I thought I'd caught that train.

CURTAIN.





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